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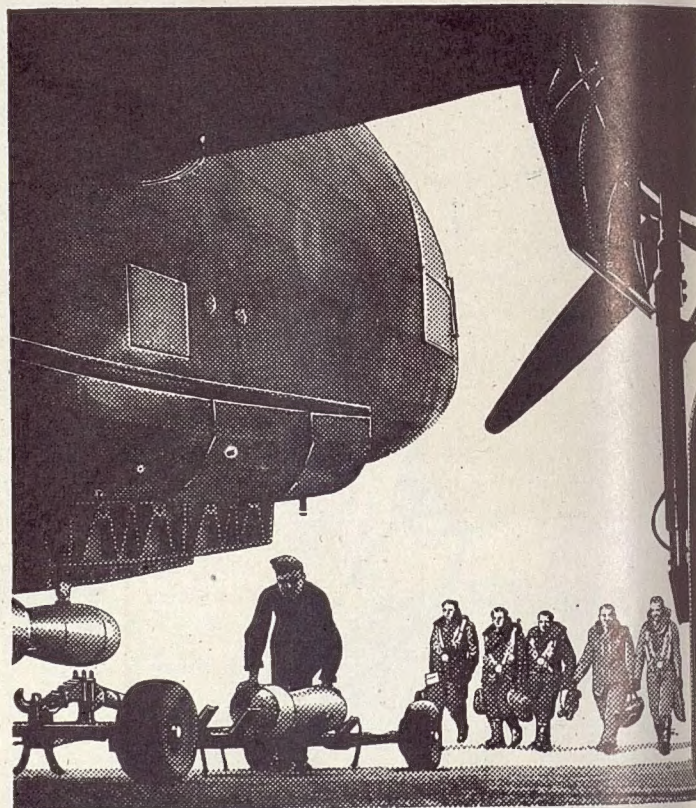
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"Plain People" in Search of Freedom

"Plain people who sought here, early and late, to find freedom more freely"—a phrase from President Roosevelt's magnificent Inaugural Address—describes very well the hero and heroine of a big new film that comes from Hollywood next week. *The Tree of Liberty* (from Elizabeth Page's novel) tells the story of a frontier farmer and the daughter of a rich Virginian who marry happily, but whose simple family life is interrupted materially and emotionally by the Revolution and the long, hard fight against England's domination of the "New World." Cary Grant and Martha Scott play the leading roles, and Frank Lloyd, who has put on the screen more than one fine panorama of American history, is the producer and director. *The Tree of Liberty* goes to the Regal on February 7



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

A Magnificent Gesture

IT was a stroke of genius to decide that the new British Ambassador to the United States should arrive to take up his post aboard one of our finest men-of-war, accompanied by the appropriate protective fleet. The scene as she steamed up the river must have been one to thrill every American. There could be no finer proof of our continued mastery of the seas, a matter to which the United States attaches such vital importance. Perhaps it is pardonable if I feel a certain glow of personal satisfaction, too; for it was in these notes some weeks ago that the suggestion was first made that a warship should be used for the trip and I noted the fact that the "King George the Fifth" was now "a going concern."

I am glad also that it was found possible for Sir Gerald Campbell to be released from his duties in Ottawa in time to be present to meet Lord and Lady Halifax and their little party. That suggestion, too, was put forward here a fortnight ago. When the warship and its escort set out from a northern Scottish port it was obviously not permissible to write of the circumstances. Now we know that the importance of the send-off from Britain was signalled in most appropriate manner.

Many people may have found it surprising that Mr. Harry Hopkins, special envoy of President Roosevelt, should have turned up on a public platform in Glasgow in company with the Prime Minister at about that time. They would have been still more intrigued had they known that Premier and guest had been present to wish God speed to the Ambassador and his party as the majestic fleet put to sea on its secret mission.

Mr. Willkie Comes to Town

IT may well be that Mr. Wendell Willkie, who polled twenty-three million votes against President Roosevelt in the recent presidential election, will meantime have arrived in England, though this is probably dependent on the state of air communications existing at the moment between here and Lisbon. Mr. Willkie has stated with great emphasis the reasons for his visit. He is determined to throw the whole of his authority into the campaign to speed up American war production for Britain, and he wants to see for himself the conditions actually prevailing in this country, to study our own production methods and to judge for himself the attitude and spirit of our people.

He also wants to form his own impressions on what kind of a country Britain is going to be after victory—for Mr. Willkie is one of those who decline to consider for one moment that there can be any other outcome of the war. His own desire, after making his personal survey of Britain, is to return to the United States, and as Republican Leader, to play a prominent part in organising production. Incidentally it seems now to be accepted that the next American Ambassador to London will be Mr. John G. Winant, who will be accompanied by a leading American business man with rank of minister, charged specially with supervising co-ordination of production.

Another American visitor to Britain is Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Services. As part of his baggage he took with him 10,000 doses of a new anti-typhus vaccine which has been developed in the United States. This consignment was left in Lisbon with the idea

that it could be drawn upon by any country urgently needing such supplies upon application being made through its Diplomatic Mission. The immediate object of Dr. Parran's visit to Britain is to study, on behalf of the United States War Department and National Defence Advisory Commission, British Civil Defence measures.

Mussolini at Canossa

ONE can imagine that last week's talk between Hitler and Mussolini at Berchtesgaden followed along lines very different from those which obtained when the two Axis Dictators met on the Brenner Pass last spring, while Mr. Sumner Welles, special envoy of President Roosevelt, was kicking his heels in Genoa to learn whether he could take back a dove-like message to his master. At the first Brenner meeting Hitler explained to Mussolini how he was going to occupy Norway, then overrun the Low Countries and France; that Britain would then collapse or be crushed. Thereafter the Axis Powers would dictate to Europe the terms of the New Order.

Up to a point the programme was carried through according to plan, and Mussolini muscled in to the war on France in the belief that he would thereby be able to claim a portion of the prize. But Britain refused to collapse, and Mussolini, unable to back up his claims with adequate force, has found himself committed to a campaign which he is in no condition to carry through unaided. We may attach significance to the fact that last week's meeting between the Totalitarian Dictators took place in Hitler's own headquarters, and was followed by a semi-official Italian statement, issued through the medium of Signor Gayda, that complete unity of command had been agreed to. In other words the Italian army, air force and navy had been placed under the orders of the German General Staff.

When Hitler wants to crack the whip he goes to Berchtesgaden and requires foreign visitors to call upon him there. Mr. Chamberlain was among the first to discover that fact. He had been preceded by Dr. Schuschnigg, and was followed by most of the European statesmen, including Count Ciano. It is therefore safe to assume that Mussolini went to the Berghof in response to a peremptory summons from its owner, and there received his orders.



Norway's King and Poland's President

Poland entertained Norway recently at the Polish Hearth in Kensington. The reception was a somewhat formal affair—one Government was the guest of the other—but King Haakon of Norway and President Rakiewicz of Poland sat down on a sofa together with their cups of tea and had a thoroughly informal conversation, man to man. Future co-operation between their countries was, much in the air. Several members of the British Government were among the guests



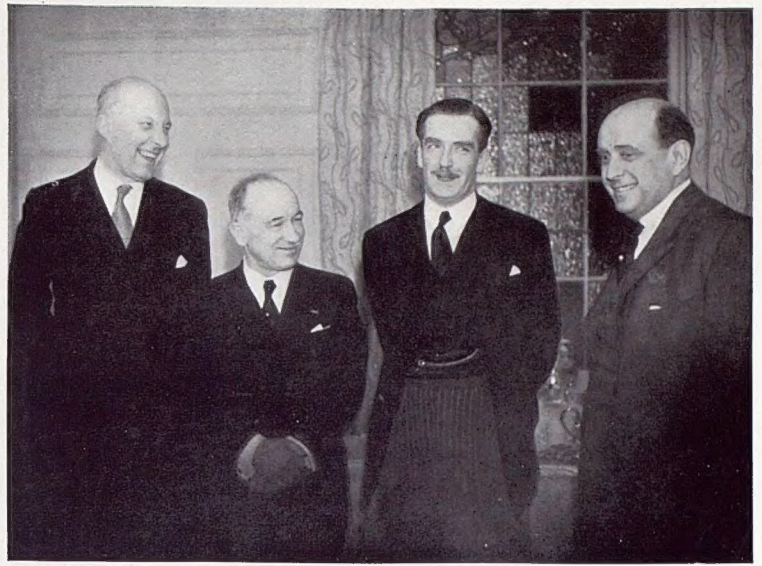
The New Chief Whip

Captain David Margesson's successor as Chief Government Whip is Captain the Hon. James Stuart, brother of the Earl of Moray and brother-in-law of the Duke of Devonshire. He has been a Whip for five years, and for three of them has acted as Captain Margesson's deputy. He has represented Moray and Nairn since 1923



Thank You, Mr. Chips

Lambeth boys who lost their homes in air raids are now dressed in school-boy clothes of the various periods during which "Mr. Chips" was a schoolmaster. Suits worn by the boy "extras" in the filming of "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" have been handed over for the use of young raid victims, and some of them, including the batch being inspected by the Mayor of Lambeth here, are doing good twice over, as they have been sold in aid of the Lord Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund.



Opening the Czechoslovak Institute

Mr. Eden made the opening speech at the Czechoslovak Institute in London last week, and M. Jan Masaryk replied on behalf of his Government. With them in this laughing group are Dr. Hugh Dalton, Minister of Economic Warfare, and Dr. Benes, Czechoslovakia's President. The Institute, which is at the late Lord Dalziel's house in Grosvenor Place, has been established by the British Council as a social and cultural centre for the 15,000 Czechoslovaks in this country.

Pushing for Peace?

UP to date, German aid to Italy had been confined to the dispatch to Sicily of probably not more than 100 Stuka dive bombers. They were clearly designed to harass British shipping in the Mediterranean. It can hardly be supposed that they were intended for any co-operation work in Albania, or for that matter, in Libya. The deduction was drawn in responsible quarters that Germany, before attempting to carry Italy through a successful counter attack in the Balkans, was hoping to promote Italo-Greek peace which would leave the way clear for a pseudo-successful extension of German control over the remainder of south-east Europe.

There seems to be considerable evidence that Hitler hopes to reduce the Balkans to submission by threat rather than by direct action; that he is putting himself in a position to take over so much of Italy as seems to him useful—this will include the port of Trieste and other Mediterranean sea bases; that Italy's chances of retrieving her fallen prestige in the Balkans will be limited precisely by Hitler's own plans.

Mussolini has been driven on to the defensive at home as well as abroad. The officers' corps of the regular Italian army has turned against him, and in his desperation he has been appointing Blackshirt officers to replace the regular army generals who have known for some time that he is leading their country to disaster. Opponents of his policy are now being dealt with ruthlessly. If sufficiently insignificant they are retired or "liquidated"; if occupying higher positions they are promoted to distant commands.

Prince Paul's Preoccupations

THE world was startled to read reports that Prince Paul of Yugoslavia had entered into a secret agreement with Germany to permit the transit of German forces through his country as part of a general operation against Northern Greece. I mentioned last week that Salonika was in the picture. It is obvious from a glance at the map that the easiest way of carrying German armies thither would be by rail through Belgrade and Nish, thence direct to Salonika or via Sofia towards Adrianople and Istanbul.

These reports were surprising because it had been understood that Yugoslavia's reluctance

to enter into defensive talks with Bulgaria could be attributed mainly to a conviction that the Sofia Government was altogether too deep in the German pocket. In fact, there had been abundant evidence that the remainder of the non-occupied Balkan countries were frightened lest British action in support of Greek resistance might draw down the full weight of the German war machine against them. And the failure of Britain to knock out Italy in a fortnight, and the occupation of Italy by German forces, tended to revive the spirit of despair which has characterised Balkan politics for long past.

It was even doubted whether Turkey would, in fact, defend the triangle of her territories which lies in Europe. The rumour spread also that the Russo-German Agreement recently concluded went farther than had first been supposed towards allowing Germany a non-opposed occupation of the Balkans. But British diplomacy was active in countering this return of the defeatist spirit in south-east Europe.

Trouble with the Wafd

A PERHAPS unexpected result of British successes in the Western Desert was a renewed outbreak of complicated internal and political activity in Egypt. The Wafd was actively engaged in attacking the Cairo Government on the grounds that it was becoming too subservient to Britain. A phrase in Mr. Churchill's broadcast to the Italians, referring to British action in protection of Egypt, was fixed upon. The Egyptian Premier was being urged to insist on further immediate guarantees by Britain as to the more complete independence of Egypt after the war.

As I write the outcome of this affair is not clear, but there is no present reason to believe that results will be serious.

Delays in Madrid

IT was unfortunate that Señor Serano Suñer should be confined to his bed at the very moment when the Anglo-Spanish negotiations

(Concluded on page 180)



A Belgian Cheque for British Aeroplanes

M. Camille Gutt, Belgian Finance Minister, handed over to Lord Beaverbrook his Government's £100,000 cheque for aircraft, while the Belgian Ambassador, Baron de Cartier de Marchienne looked on. Planes bought with the money will be given Belgian names and flown when possible by Belgian pilots. M. Gutt is a skilled pilot himself and has a son who has just joined the R.A.F.

Myself at the Pictures

Nice Nazi Goings-on

By James Agate

A MORE misleading title for the new film at the Empire called *Escape* could hardly have been contrived. The voguish sense of the word implies a way to forget our present stresses and discontents. This Hollywood film throws you plumb into the middle of them, so that you find you have walked out of that somewhat dented frying-pan which is Leicester Square into the full fire of Nazi goings-on just before the war broke out.

IT is a grim, not to say a grisly business. Take its central incident. A young American in 1936 travels to Germany in order to find his mother, an old actress of international celebrity. He is greeted everywhere with scared looks and slammed doors, and only through dint of much worry and perseverance does he learn that his mother is lying ill in a concentration camp and has been sentenced to death for having sold her property and sent the money out of Germany.

The son meets a sympathetic young prison doctor who has worshipped the great actress. The doctor will give the patient enough digitalis to make her pass for dead, sign a death certificate, and the son must do the rest. That is to say, he must obtain leave to bury his mother privately, collect the coffin at the prison gate, and somehow or other revive the corpse through warming it up, and then escape with his mother, restored but

passportless, into Austria and freedom.

This, it need hardly be said, takes a bit of doing, even without a hideous complication which makes up the aforementioned central incident. The young man waits in an inn for the arrival of the hearse. He has a brandy-and-coffee, and he plays a nervous game of patience under the interested eyes of two political-policemen at a nearby table. There is nobody else in the room, and each passing cart distracts the young man's attention. Under the table he has his mother's fur coat done up in a parcel. The policemen approach and must see first his passport, and second what is in his parcel. They pretend to be satisfied and go. But on the arrival of the hearse they suddenly appear again. They have inquired at the concentration camp, and they know that the young man does indeed want to bury his own mother. But they still are not completely satisfied. They must see the body.

It is almost with a shout of evil triumph that they find that the lid has not been nailed down. The son himself must do the nailing. And he does it.

To relieve the reader's painful suspense let me divulge that the hearse gets away at last at high speed, that the young man has in the nick of time unnailed the coffin, that his mother soon recovers when her hands are rubbed and her coat put over her, and that a

sympathetic American-born countess disguises her as her own maid and sends her off in a clipper with her son whom she, the countess, would gladly have married had she not been already booked by a fiercely tender and apoplectic Nazi colonel!

All this part of the film is, of course, as muddled, improbable, and indefensible as the sentence in which I have just dismissed it.

But when it is further divulged that it is Conrad Veidt who has the apoplexy, Norma Shearer who plays the abnegatory countess, Mme Nazimova who lies in the box, and Robert Taylor who revives her, no scoffs or scepticism of mine are likely to keep any reader away from the Empire for even as long as it takes to read the rest of this page.

THE first half of the film is magnificent, and horribly likely. The second, over and above the actual escape in which we cannot really believe, has altogether too much Veidtage and Shearery.

I hear that these were the principal characters in the best-selling novel from which this film has been made. If so, it was wrong of the film-makers to interest us almost exclusively for the first hour or so in the mother and her son. This the more especially, since Nazimova and, for that matter, Mr. Taylor play so well that our interest refuses to be shifted to Mr. Veidt giving quite a usual performance and Miss Shearer revealing little more than the fact that with the passing years she has developed from a pretty woman into a beautiful one.

I once said of this actress that she had developed so much poise that she could no longer sit down. In her present phase her poise has developed to the extent that she hardly even walks or stands. She merely sits about suppressing passion and pouring out coffee in the most elegant way in the world.

LASTLY, let me revert—as my mind has often reverted since I saw it—to the Edgar Allan Poeish horror of that central incident.

To my deep astonishment one of Sunday morning's lady-wags summed up *Escape* as follows: "The tension of the escape is admirably held; and though this does not pretend to be a serious film—*The Mortal Storm*, I take it, was intended as a serious film—but merely an exciting story about a young American who comes bumbling into Germany expecting justice and finding the Gestapo, it struck me as the most convincing picture of Nazi Germany so far: on the surface no murders, no horrors, only polite attentive faces; but beneath, inflexibility, stony indifference, a kind of madness."

My dear Lady Disdain, if this is not a serious film, what on earth can a serious film be like? If it is "the most convincing picture of Nazi Germany so far," how on earth can it possibly be anything else but serious? And if a son frantically nailing down his mother's coffin to prove his mother is dead—if this is not a "horror," what on earth is any feminine film-critic's notion of what constitutes a horror?

THE best acting in this unequal but not-to-be-missed affair comes from that superb character-player, Albert Bassermann, as a harrowed and ailing lawyer, and from a brand-newcomer, Philip Dorn, who brings a shining sincerity to the perilously sympathetic prison doctor.

All the same it is cheering to note, among the stars, that Mr. Taylor is continuing in the resolve to become an actor as well as a good-looking. He formed this resolve exactly half-way across his last film, *Waterloo Bridge*.



The escape in "Escape" is that of a middle-aged and ill actress (Nazimova) from a Nazi concentration camp, with the help of her son (Robert Taylor) and a countess friend of his (Norma Shearer). The film version of Ethel Vance's novel, directed by Mervyn LeRoy, is reviewed here by Mr. Agate. More pictures of it were in last week's issue.

Everybody Bicycles in Oxford

Cyclists always have filled the streets of university towns in term time. Nowadays, what with petrol-rationed evacuees as well as car-less undergraduates, there are as many pedallers in Oxford as even a Dutch city could show in flourishing pre-war days



Big and little bikes emerge from the house in Linton Road where live the Hon. Frank Pakenham, his wife, his son, Thomas, and his daughter, Antonia. He is the Earl of Longford's brother and heir-presumptive, has been Student in Politics at Christ Church since 1934



In and out from Nuneham Courtenay comes Viscountess Harcourt on her bicycle, to shop and see her friends. She works for the Upper Thames Patrol, Home Guard



Sporting in sweater, slacks and sandals is Phyllis Robins, musical comedy actress, when she goes out for morning exercise on fine days



Uniformed Lord Elton goes to work on wheels. He is a Fellow of Queen's, Secretary of the Rhodes Trust, a writer and a broadcaster of note



From Christ Church, twenty-one-year-old Sir Nigel Cayzer pedals off to a lecture. He is secretary of the flourishing Oxford University Conservative Club



From Cumnor Hill where he lives with his wife and son, in a house called Glendurran, comes Prince Mahmud, younger brother of the Sultan of Trengganu



From Christ Church sets out Lord Richard Percy, brother of the Duke of Northumberland, and another official of the Conservative Club

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Sadler's Wells Ballet (New)

WITH the Sadler's Wells Ballet back in town, London may be said to be more like London, even if Sadler's Wells, alas! cannot correspondingly be said to be more like Sadler's Wells. For owing to circumstances which have arisen—or perhaps one should say owing to circumstances which have descended—the Ballet is now, for five weeks, at the New.

Terpsichore thus holds the fort at three out of the seven West End theatres functioning at the time of writing, a most flattering proportion; for which, let her render due thanks to Ninette de Valois and to Marie Rambert: the two outstanding pioneers of ballet in this country, but for whose efforts we might still labour under the delusion that dancers must be Russian, or Italian, or Scandinavian, to achieve anything more memorable than the athletic unison of a Tiller troupe or a Palace octette.

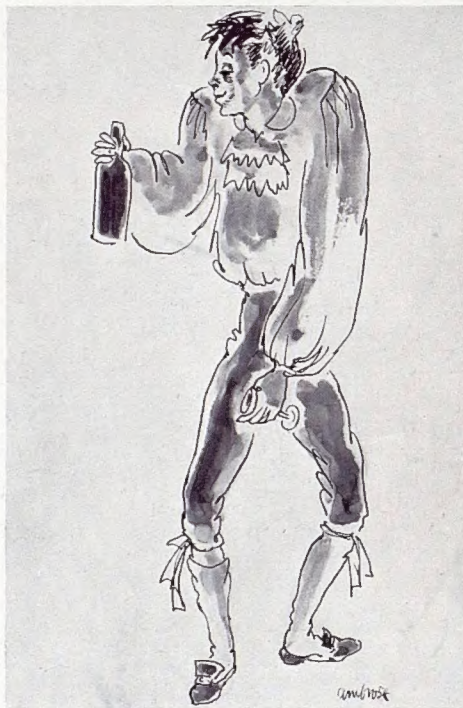
THREE ballets were presented at the New on the afternoon of my attendance—*Harlequin in the Street*, *The Wise Virgins*, *Façade*—each of them choregraphically the work of Frederick Ashton and each of them alive with invention.

I will confess that when the curtain rose on *The Wise Virgins* I was dismayed to see that the beautiful set designed by Rex Whistler had disappeared, to be replaced only by a cyclorama with gauze in front. This, I thought, will kill the composition stone dead, but it didn't. The exquisite groupings of the figures, the sensitive, unexpected and finely-derived posturings of the Angels and Cherubs, the charming frivolities of the Foolish Virgins, the dreamy floatings of the Bride, the supernal certainties of the Bridegroom—these (with not a little assistance from Bach) triumphed once again.

THIS ballet is immeasurably superior to Mr. Ashton's *Dante Sonata*, which, despite its inspirational quality, has something just a

little flashy and meretricious about it. I have never been very partial to the spectacle of a corps de ballet wriggling in a mass like macaroni in a soup tureen.

Give me, rather, the strict and ethereal severities of Margot Fonteyn, born under the



Robert Helpmann as a tipsy theatre manager in "*The Prospect Before Us*"

moon and fluttering like a moth in the night, a bride for Beaudelaire, with the odour of death about her, and the sanctity of the tomb—the perfection of passive tragedy. When she



Alan Carter as Harlequin in "*Harlequin in the Street*"

first made her appearance in the ballet, Miss de Valois, who felt that she had made a great discovery, asked me what I thought about her, and I said I wasn't sure. But I am quite sure, now, and make this confession of my original uncertainty because I feel that I deserve public chastisement.

JUST as, when the curtain rose on *The Wise Virgins*, I received a shock, so, when it rose on *Façade*, I received another. Again, the old scene (this time the costumes also) had disappeared. Something had to be done about it. So John Armstrong, who designed the originals, had been called in to design again, but instead of copying his old work, which was flawlessly right, but which no doubt he would have found rather dull to do, he had amused himself by designing something entirely new and infinitely inferior.

Instead of the old fresh rustic atmosphere, the atmosphere is now that of stuffy French lodging-houses, with costumes that lack the spontaneous cheek of the old ones and substitute a more considered indecency. The spark has gone out of the spectacle, which was half the fun of the fair—now no longer a fair but a fun palace.

It was quite wonderful how well *Façade* wore while it was content to remain the same, but now that it has made an effort to retain its youth, the crowsfeet begin to show.

NOT that I resent the new *Nocturne Peruvienne* introduced and executed by Mr. Ashton, who is our dago de luxe. Less versatile than Robert Helpmann (the most brilliant mime of our time), he is always irresistibly amusing in an atmosphere of brown boots, shoddy sex, and strong cigars.

What a trio—Margot Fonteyn, Robert Helpmann, Frederick Ashton! With a corps de ballet of unusual excellence, this is clearly the golden age of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, whatever it may be of almost everything else.



Julia Farron in "*The Wise Virgins*"



Margot Fonteyn in "*Les Sylphides*"

Two and Two

Weddings and Other Events in
the Stage and Screen World



Theatrical Wedding

Sec. Lieut. John Mills, Royal Engineers, and Miss Hayley Belle were married at Caxton Hall register office. He acts for the films as well as the stage; his last, and perhaps his best, stage part was in the Steinbeck play, "Of Mice and Men." At present he is on sick leave. His bride is also on the stage, has lately been driving an ambulance, is the daughter of Flying Officer F. Hayley Bell



New Star

Mary Morris, aged nineteen, is the newest British film star. Leslie Howard has chosen her for his leading lady in "Pimpernel Smith," now being made at Denham. She began her career in a barn theatre in Surrey, had a good part as the wicked Halima in Korda's Technicolor fantasia "The Thief of Bagdad"



Premiere

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gielgud went to the opening of their son's production of "Dear Brutus" at the Globe last week. John Gielgud himself takes the part of Dearth, originally created by Gerald du Maurier



Film Star's Wedding

Bette Davis and Arthur Farnsworth, son of a Vermont dentist, flew from West and East to be married at the Arizona ranch of some friends of hers. Here they are cutting their cake while the bride's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pegram, look on. Bette Davis's film, "All This and Heaven Too," has been showing at the Warner Theatre for the last few weeks



Family Reunion

Ann Dvorak, film actress, has come from Hollywood to rejoin her film-director husband, Leslie Fenton. She is correspondent for an American newspaper while over here, has put her name down as a fire-watcher at Denham Studios. She took a taxi all the way to London from the West of England port where she landed

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Polish Dates

DISTINGUISHED Poles now in London keep up traditional social and political occasions, and their President, M. W. Raczkiewicz, has just held an official New Year reception at the Polish Embassy, for members of his Cabinet and foreign diplomats accredited to it, as well as representatives of the Polish Army, Navy, Air Force, and higher ecclesiastical bodies and institutions.

General Sikorski, Premier and Commander-in-Chief, made a speech, in which he stressed the powerful ties which united Poland and Great Britain and other Allies in the fight for joint causes and objectives. M. Raczkiewicz spoke also, and said: "The Polish nation, in spite of most difficult conditions, continues to exist with spirit unbroken and imbued with brotherly feelings. It continues to perform its duty towards its country and its future. Here, on the hospitable soil of Great Britain, it is our sacred task to serve Poland with our standard flying high, so as to be able to tell our suffering brethren in Poland that we have done our duty, together with our gallant troops, under the leadership of General Sikorski."

Army at Play

DANCES for the military seem to crop up pretty freely, and provide much of what fun there is for debs, and dowagers besides. With chains on their shoulders and spurs on their heels, the officers leap around to old and new favourite tunes—of which latter "All Over the Place" seems likely to have a long run.

At one of these dances Mr. and Mrs. Peter Flower were a decorative couple. Major and Mrs. Sykes were enjoying themselves, in spite of his cold; and Miss Elizabeth Bayley, in dark-red velvet, looked a slender and attractive young thing. Miss "Bunny" Sutton had long red sequin sleeves on her black dress, and is very pretty. Commander Macro Wilson, with his amusing wife, was the only sailor there. (There is another Macro Wilson, a cousin of this one, who lives in Yorkshire.)

Miss Belinda Blew-Jones is the most exciting of the young lovelies I have seen. She is tall, and outstandingly attractive; a first cousin of Penelope Dudley-Ward and Mrs. Bob Laycock. She is busy nursing, but has plenty of spare vitality for dancing as well.

Mr. Robin Fyffe, a very blond young man, and Major R. P. Smyly, were there too. Last time I saw the latter I failed to take in the pretty little major's crown that nestles among the chain on his shoulders.

Murmurs from Dorset

IT seems that there is lots of gaiety to be had on what used to be a fairly representative bit of England's Pleasure Coast, which is now pretty well given over to repelling the invasion: which means that there are lots of jolly soldiers there, and some training units in the neighbourhood, too, to contribute some young bloods for evening relaxation.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Incledon-Webber are among the habitués. She was Joan Montagu, is tall and fair and very amusing, and permanently attached to a lovely little



First Train Canteen for Troops

Princess Helena Victoria inspected the first of the Y.M.C.A. canteens provided for troops on the trains running between London and Glasgow as an experiment. If it is a success, as seems more than likely, another 400 similar canteens will be provided. They are for the exclusive use of members of his Majesty's Forces. With Princess Helena Victoria is the Hon. Mrs. Sydney Marsham (on right), chairman of the National Women's Auxiliary of the Y.M.C.A.

King Charles spaniel, like a bit of chamois-erie. Her attractive sister, Nan, is married to Mr. Will Collins, the publisher, and has a lovely house in Scotland.

Mr. Teddy Lambton has also been in Dorset lately. He is a son of Mr. George Lambton, Lord Durham's trainer brother, and is going into the cavalry, which now demands a head for a tank, although it retains the privilege of dancing in spurs. Mr. George Archibald, the National Hunt jockey, is training for the same vocation.



Engaged Couple in London

Miss Joan Rosemary Wakefield, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Wavell Wakefield, of 1, Avenue Road, N.W.8, is engaged to a very young Major in the Royal Marines, twenty-three-year-old Major Anthony Rainey, younger son of Lieut.-Col. J. W. Rainey, C.B.E., of Tasmania, and Mrs. Beer, of Widdicombe, Kingsbridge, South Devon. Miss Wakefield's father is M.P. for Swindon; P.P.S. to Captain Harold Balfour, Under-Secretary for Air; a Flight-Lieutenant in the R.A.F. Reserve, and a former England Rugby captain



Christening at Camberley

The christening of the infant son of Flying-Officer John de Laszlo and Mrs. de Laszlo took place at St. Paul's Church, Camberley. He is the grandson of the famous portrait-painter, Philip de Laszlo. His mother, before her marriage, was Miss Peggy Cruise, daughter of Sir Richard Cruise, Surgeon Oculist to Queen Mary, who invented and perfected a visor for the protection of the eyes, offered to the Admiralty, the War Office and the Home Office for use in the Services



Fayer

Engaged to a Free Frenchman

Miss Olga Elizabeth Birchenall, of 57, Stafford Court, W.8, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitelegge Birchenall, of Nice, France, is engaged to Commandant Pierre Tissier, of General de Gaulle's headquarters. He is the son of the former President of the French Council of State, M. Theodore Tissier. Miss Birchenall's mother is French, a daughter of Baronne Nicolas de Hastfer



Lenore

Engaged to a Peruvian

The engagement is announced between Miss Angela Tod, daughter of Lieut.-Col. A. A. Tod (late Rifle Brigade) and Mrs. Tod, of 16, Hans Court, S.W., and Señor Don Felipe Benavides, son of the Peruvian Minister in London, his Excellency Señor Don Alfredo Benavides, and Señora de Benavides, of 65, Lowndes Square. The wedding will take place at noon on Feb. 15th at the Franciscan Church, Ascot



Navana

Engaged to an Iranian

Miss Lella Margaret Crankshaw is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Eric Crankshaw, K.C.M.G., of 28, Royal Avenue, Chelsea, and Dunlewy, Gweedore, Co. Donegal. Her engagement is announced, and she will be married shortly to Mr. A. H. K. Hamzavi, Press Attaché of the Iranian Legation in London. Miss Crankshaw has been working as a driver in the A.F.S. and also in the L.A.A.S.

and getting what rides are going in between times.

Mrs. Marsh is a blonde of the Marlene Dietrich type who has been attracting some admiration down there lately.

Out Dancing

PEOPLE are incorrigible about dancing all night if they want to, and the nicest restaurants and night clubs are full of smart uniforms and cheerful faces.

Captain Eric Harbyn, who just came in for the last war, and is now helping to win this one for us, is a very charming person who has been throwing some parties out and about lately. Miss Constance Paul, clever and attractive, was at one with Mr. Huskinson. The Archduke Robert of Austria was sitting near, also Mr. and Mrs. Smart with a party, Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe, and Mr. Ralph Ethernon.

Often the same people are seen all over again at the subsequent night club.

Matinées

THESE have become something quite different, now that they are all there in the way of theatre, and gone is the stigma of being in the "chocolate-eater-from-the-suburbs" category as a result of going to them. Lady Eleanor Smith was at Berkeley Square with Mrs. Charles Birkin the other day, both looking very smart and distinguished. The play is certainly escapist, and couldn't be more pleasantly detached from the present time.

Diversion, at Wyndham's, is perhaps more riotous, if that is what you like. The new version is splendidly full of laughs from beginning to end. As a Peter Ustinov fan, I think I most enjoyed his three producers producing *Lear*, but nothing was really "best" among the laughs. "The Show Must Go On," about the acrobats, was absolutely grand; Vida Hope has such a funny appearance, apart from anything else. "Nanty Puts Her Hair Up" is a splendid example of whimsy, with pretty young Joanna Horder, Lord Horder's daughter, being as winsome as possible; while Dorothy Dickson continues to look marvellous,

having fun with her feather boa while debunking the stuff about nightingales.

Mr. Edward Cooper, of happy cabaret memories, was among the laughers at this performance.

Lunching Out

MISS NORA SWINBURNE was out lunching the other day, wearing a nice green dress; also, on various occasions, Mr.—or Captain?—Hamish Hamilton, the publisher, and his wife; Captain and Mme. Simon, of Free France; M. Kleczkowski of Poland, and Mr. Magnus Geddes of England.

It is nice to see so many well-dressed women about. Sylvia Lady Poulett was out shopping, very cheerful and full of personality.

Cheering the Workers

RELAXATION for war workers is always being asked for by Mr. Morrison, and I hear the May Fair has instituted a new plan in co-operation with Major Kingham, the Commissioner for London, for War Weapons Week.

The idea of forming a permanent concert-party seems a good one, and many of the great West End hotels who feature entertainment for their guests can do a lot to help.

Jack Jackson, the band leader at the hotel we all know so well, is sending a party of stars at least once a week to entertain war workers in their canteens during the lunch hour. In the middle of the concert, some famous national figure gives a cheerful, witty talk on National Savings.

At the first concert the stars were that charming couple, Jack and Daphne Barker, who have been breaking all records at the May Fair, and Vivien Paget.

Vivien Paget was starring in a Warsaw revue when the Germans attacked the city. She was the last English girl to leave the capital, and won for herself the admiration of all the Poles. She sang to them the latest American song hits as shells were hurtling through the streets. Lately, Lady Queensberry (Cathleen Mann) painted her.

Speech

AT the end of the concert, over three thousand of the workers, led by Sir Noel Curtis Bennett, sang "Auld Lang Syne," and then defied Herr Hitler to do his worst.

Sir Noel, incidentally, met that gentleman often during the Olympic Games at Berlin, and his remarks, in his speech, about Adolf's ideas of sport were very inflammatory to the best of our traditions.

"Don't try to play football such as we know it with Hitler," he said. "Hitler gets the linesman well bribed with baksheesh. The linesman then shoots Hitler's opponents' goalkeeper in the back, and then, of course, Hitler has his usual success."

Fashions Rampant

LONDON is determined not to be downed in any direction, and all the big dress houses, their eyes on export and this opportunity to become fashion leaders of Europe, are hard at it, dishing out the stuff in spite of bombs that sprinkle them fairly impartially.

Digby Morton, Rahvis, Worth and Norman Hartnell were showing jointly the other day; Paquin and Molyneux are going strong, too.

Worth has a marvellous new colour, like a very deep version of that elusive green to be found in a certain rough glass. In satin, it made a stupendous dress and coat, trimmed with blue fox.

Then there were some lovely dinner-dresses, mostly high-necked and slinky, with sequins all over the place—pockets, belts, etc. A white one had long sleeves, and a deep, square neck edged with gold sequins: very effective. Digby Morton contributed the sort of tweeds that are, alas, too seldom seen in the country for which they are designed, and Norman Hartnell offered the kind of mink coat that is supposed to over-excite any normal woman.

Lady Townshend was among the women admiring all these treasures, and Miss Paddy Brown made a jaunty commère.

*"Quiet Wedding"**An Asquith Double**"Quiet Wedding"*and *"Freedom Radio"*

Anthony Asquith has directed two new films—a very light comedy and an anti-Nazi thriller. Both can be seen by the end of this week



Bride and bridegroom, who do at last get married after the endless, nerve-racking family preliminaries have nearly made them forget that they love each other, are Margaret Lockwood and Derek Farr



It might be a scene from one of the Tchekov plays in which Peggy Ashcroft has so often played. In fact it's part of the film version of *"Quiet Wedding."* The man with the rabbit is bridegroom-to-be Derek Farr



All sorts of scenes have been added to Esther McCracken's play in transferring it to the screen. In this one Jean Cadell takes a choir rehearsal in the village hall. Roddie Hughes is the Vicar, and Peter Bull is the singer on the right

Quiet Wedding was one of those family-life comedies which London audiences lapped up in the year or two before the war—a mixture of simple humour and sentiment saved from banality by its light but unerring caricature of real family life. Paul Soskin as producer and Anthony Asquith as director have put Esther McCracken's play on the screen with a speaking cast of thirty-five, headed by Margaret Lockwood and Derek Farr. The latter is a "discovery" whose performance greatly pleased both producer and director, but whose career is likely to be interrupted by military service. He has made two more films lately, *Spellbound* and *Freedom Radio* (see opposite). Marjorie Fielding (in her stage part), Margaretta Scott, Frank Cellier, are a few of the players who don't appear in any of the pictures here. *Quiet Wedding*, a Paramount film, goes to the Plaza on Friday



Wise aunt who knows when the family is being too much for a jumpy young bride is Athene Seyler. Last-minute crisis occurs when bride and bridegroom are missing on their wedding day (they have spent the night in their new home). A telephone call both shocks and reassures the bride's father, A. E. Matthews

"Freedom Radio"



Worker for freedom is Hans, who helps to run the outlaw radio station. Granny Schmidt's shop is a meeting-place for anti-Nazis, of whom Elly, Hans' girl friend, is another. (Derek Farr, Katie Johnson, Joyce Howard)



Director of Pageantry in the Reich is Irena, actress-wife of an anti-Nazi doctor. Diana Wynyard has a fine role as this woman who discovers too late that Nazi-ism means war. (Behind is Muriel George)



Anti-Nazi is Dr. Karl Roder, who offers his help to the Freedom Radio workers. Clive Brook (right) plays this part. An old friend who joins the group with him is Ronald Squire



Broadcasting against Hitler is work of deadly danger, and the Doctor (behind) is already suspected. His wife's faith in National Socialism has been shaken, and she is closely watched by two Nazis (Raymond Huntley and Bernard Miles). In the end she sees that her husband is right, and joins him in the freedom of death

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Standing By...

(Continued)

for their own sake—and of course his, too—and provide them with something slightly more striking to say to the Press boys when their tooth birthday arrives. "Cricket is the opium of the people," for example. Or "Man is born free and is everywhere in trains." Or "The more I see of dogs the more I like men"—a blast of great horror which ought to blow any patriarch on to the *Daily Excess* front page, if he isn't torn to pieces by the indignant populace beforehand.

There is, or was, a Centenarian League or Society or Club somewhere in the Cromwell Road which ought to look after these things.

Footnote

USING on this feat of not dying, which the British and the Chinese alone devoutly revere among civilised nations, we thought (a) how wrong that tribe in Frazer is to eat its aged men when they become very old and tedious; and (b) how grievously Britain still lacks a Grand Old Man of Literature, a post vacant since the death of Thos. ("Misery") Hardy. The most obvious candidate we (and you) can think of is forging conscientiously ahead, adding books to books but producing no strikingly venerable appearance to date. Yet three weeks in bed and an emergence with false white whiskers (you say angrily) would fool the critics sufficiently and lead to the first trumpet-call of national recognition in the *Times Lit. Supp.*

Patience, fleas, as the Spanish proverb says, the night is long. Peace will break at length, the booky market will roar once more into life, and Literature's G.O.M.-elect with whiskers snowy and worshipful will begin to preen for the O.M.

Omen

WITH the fate of Eire still hanging in the balance, the death of James Joyce at Zurich might assume an ominous significance. It has been said often that if Dublin were ever destroyed it could be reconstructed almost street by street as it was in the Golden Edwardian Age, from the pages of *Ulysses*; except, alas, that the vivid Athenian air which the host of wits and poets and thinkers of those days gave it has vanished, like the mellow Georgian beauty of some of Dublin's principal streets and squares.

The last polite graces of the eighteenth century seem to have faded also from the Dublin newspapers, the leading articles of which used to be written in pure Georgian, and of the shining company of Yeats and "A. E." and Orpen and Synge and Maud Gonne and Edward Martyn and Joyce and George Moore and Gogarty and Seumas O'Sullivan and the others, only Gogarty and O'Sullivan now remain, according to brooding Sean O'Faolain; and Davy Byrne's pub, the Mermaid Tavern of that exciting Renaissance, has lost its glory as well, by all accounts.

But while Senator Oliver St. John Gogarty, that Phoenix, is alive the wit and gaiety and fantasy of a vanished Dublin can always be reconstructed from the first few hours of his talk, like the brontosaurus from a single tooth.

It has often been argued whether being a nose-and-ear specialist of European celebrity has helped Gogarty to be a better wit and poet, or vice versa. In our view surgical experience has developed and quickened in him that presence of mind so valuable to a thinker in an emergency.

For one often-quoted example, the eminent but detestable George Moore once said peevishly to him in a train going through

Galway, "I'd give five pounds to be able to stop and look at that landscape!" "Would you?" said Gogarty, and pulled the communication-cord.

Phoney

NOT that we think you greatly care, but an owlsh thinker writing in a serious journal recently trotted out that well-known bit of rhetorical niffnaffery, "The Gaul dies, but does not surrender!", attributing it as usual to General Cambronne, who summoned to give in at Waterloo. Cambronne's actual reply, as every lover of harsh reality knows, was a five-letter word beginning with "M," dear to French taxi-drivers and totally unprintable in this chaste page.

Somebody should make a collection of Historic Last Words Never Uttered, such as Galileo's "Yet it moves!", invented by a seventeenth-century hack; Rabelais' "The farce is ended," invented by God knows whom, and some 3987 others, mostly stupid and all phoney.

Loss

SO suddenly to lose a friend and colleague like Archibald Gordon Macdonell, with whom we have had so many romps, in the BYSTANDER and out of it, is hard. Only the other night we were re-reading with the old pleasure *Napoleon and His Marshals*, perhaps Archie Macdonell's best book, though if you wanted vivacious satire, high spirits, irony, and a perpetual crackle of wit, *England, Their England* and its successors were your meat. He was one of the leading spirits of what was called the Rats Club, because members rattled steadily from the weekly luncheon in Fleet Street restaurants; on which occasions, when members did turn up, sober lawyers, business men, and serious chartered accountants ate their food hurriedly with nervous sidelong glances and sidled out like crabs, scared by the wild laughter, the clash of wits, the insults, the slanderous accusations, the monstrous insinuations, the mockery, and the snatches of song of the playboys at their love feast.

Not the least factor in Macdonell's charm was his Highland irascibility, which all that Old Wykehamist grace and League of Nations poise didn't noticeably affect. Invective of a blistering and brilliant kind would pour from him quite suddenly; the big horn spectacles would flash with uncontrollable fury. Half a minute later the storm would end as suddenly and the neatest (and maybe rudest) of epigrams would issue in a gust of laughter.

A day we spent together at the last Test Match at Nottingham is bathed in perpetual sunshine in our memory. Never have we encountered anybody who, like Macdonell, could love Test cricket deeply and equally appreciate the solemn imbecilities of that monstrous ritual. *Marsibus lilia plenis*—we wish we could scatter something better than this meagre posy.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Want to surrender, eh? Well, I dunno whether I can take yer as easy as that. There's a lot o' competition, yer know"

Stage Nursery

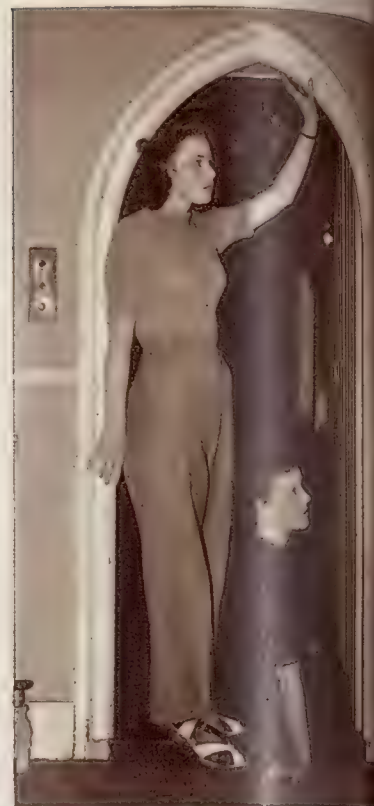
The Webber-Douglas School in Its Country Home



Rehearsal of "King Lear" is taken by Miss O'Malley in gum-boots. She directs the drama section of the school. Note young Lear's sombre abstraction

The Webber-Douglas School, which used to be in Clareville Street, South Kensington, now has its home in a large rambling house—belonging to an ex-M.F.H.—near Winfield, Berks. Most of the pupils live in, as do Mr. Johnstone Douglas and Miss Ellen O'Malley, who runs the drama section. Other teachers come for the day from

London. The school itself was originally founded for young singers by Amherst Webber and W. Johnstone Douglas, but is now rather better known as a stage nursery, Pamela Stanley and Barbara Mullen being among its successful "children." Appendage of the school in London was the little Chanticleer Theatre, now closed



Watching rehearsal were Anne Gill and Joyce Myers. Miss Gill was a photographer's model before she decided to go for musical comedy. Miss Myers, a pupil, hitch-hikes to school from Den-



Limbering class is taken in jerseys and slacks. The eyes must follow the arm movements. Dancing—ballet, tap and musical comedy—is also part of the curriculum



First cousin of a stage and screen star, Laurence Olivier, is Sheila Burrell, a Webber-Douglas pupil



The goats are part of the country establishment, being fed here by Rowena Pitt, Priscilla Fuller, Meg Maxwell-Lyte, Anne Gill



Caterer for this theatrical boarding-school in its Berkshire home is Miss Marjorie Pegram (with the towel apron). Helping her to wash up are three pupils—Rowena Pitt, who is a direct descendant of Lord Chatham, Grace Fergusson, Vera Churchill, a distant connection of the Prime Minister



Co-founder of the school is W. Johnstone Douglas, who was a pupil of the great Jean de Reszke, and made his stage name as the king in "The Immortal Hour." He is an uncle of Lord Kinross (journalist Patrick Balfour). Here Barbara Douglas has a singing lesson with J. D., as friends and pupils call him. Her Earls Court home has been bombed twice



Room-mates are Barbara Douglas and Priscilla Fuller, daughter of Captain Dillwyn Fuller, and cousin of Sir Gerald Fuller, Bt.



Country evenings are the same the world over, except that in a theatrical school endless talk about the stage goes with the knitting and reading



Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Nigel Hambro

The attractive wife of Mr. Nigel Hambro is the only daughter of Colonel James Archibald Innes, D.S.O., of Horringer Manor, Bury St. Edmunds, and granddaughter of Captain the Hon. Lancelot Lowther, brother and heir of the Earl of Lonsdale. Her brother, Mr. James Innes, Coldstream Guards, was married this month to the Hon. Nefertari Bethell. The engagement of Mr. Nigel Hambro's father, Colonel Harold Hambro, of Coldharbour Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, was announced last November to the Dowager Countess Cadogan.



Bassano

Mrs. Richard McCreery with Her Three Sons

Before her marriage in 1928, Mrs. McCreery was Miss Lettice St. Maur, second daughter of the late Lord and Lady Percy St. Maur, and granddaughter of the fourteenth Duke of Somerset. Her husband, Major-General Richard Loudon McCreery, D.S.O., M.C., is only forty-two. He commanded the 12th Royal Lancers; played polo for his regiment, and was famous as a steeplechase rider. He won the D.S.O. in the present war. The three boys are, Michael Richard, aged eleven, Robert James, aged ten, and Henry Jonathan, who was born in 1934.

The Duchess of Norfolk

The Women's Voluntary Services branch at Arundel is organised by the Duchess of Norfolk, who is seen working at her desk in the local W.V.S. office. She is also much interested in the French in Great Britain Fund, for the relief of the Free French people in this country, and contributions for this good cause may be sent to her at Arundel Castle. The Duchess of Norfolk, formerly the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, daughter of Lord Belper, was married to the Premier Duke in 1937. They both own race-horses, and the Duchess, who has a Derby hope, Selim Hassan, in the stables at Michel Grove, Sussex, now trains the horses herself, Captain V. P. Gilpin having rejoined the Army.



Social Gallery



Hay Wrightson

Lady Mairi Keppel and Her Mother

Lady Mairi Keppel is the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness Londonderry. She was married in Ireland early in December to Captain Derek Keppel, 13th/18th Royal Hussars, seconded to the R.A.F., son of Viscount Bury and grandson of the Earl of Albemarle and Marquess of Lincolnshire. She has three sisters, Lady Maureen, Lady Margaret Muntz, and Lady Helen Jessel, and one brother, Lord Castlereagh. Her mother, the Marchioness of Londonderry, well known for the magnificent political parties held at London-Home in former times, is the elder sister of Viscount Chaplin

Harlip

Lord and Lady Sudeley

Here is the latest portrait of a recent bride and bridegroom, Lord and Lady Sudeley. They were married at Christ Church, Westminster, last month. Captain Lord Sudeley, Royal Horse Guards, is the son of the late Major the Hon. Algernon H. C. Hanbury-Tracy, and the Hon. Mrs. Hanbury-Tracy. His bride was Miss Elizabeth Mary Bromley, third daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Arthur Bromley, of 26, Cadogan Square. Her father has been Gentleman Usher to the King for many years and is Ceremonial and Reception Secretary to the Dominions and Colonial Office



The Hon. Mrs. Peter Moro

Hay Wrightson

Lord and Lady Huntingfield's younger daughter, formerly the Hon. Anne Margaret Theodosia Vanneck, was married last year to Mr. Peter Moro. Her younger brother, the Hon. Peter Vanneck, is a midshipman. Her father was Governor of Victoria from 1934-1939, and acting Governor-General of the Commonwealth of Australia up to September 1938. Her mother is the daughter of Judge Ernest Crosby, of New York



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Old Churches

TRAVELLING in England, or, for that matter, anywhere at all, if my companion be bored by old churches, a distinct coolness between us is certain to lie in the offing. For I adore old churches. I even adore old churchyards. And if the church is modern or "restored" out of all sense of beauty, a town or village, however lovely it may be, never really takes up any corner of my heart. I can never let an old village church pass behind me into the distance. I simply must stop and get out to examine it. Therefore, I am the most annoying person to travel with by road, if all you demand is to get to your destination as quickly as possible. No wonder I choose my companion carefully, for there are few things more irritating than to wander about with somebody who wants to stop when you want to go on, or wants to go on when you wish to linger. I care not how closely your souls may mingle in the higher realms of thought, if this travelling essential is lacking in your companionship a very certain relief will accompany the eventual "good-bye."

One never really knows anybody very well unless one has travelled in their company. Travelling not only brings out the best and the worst, but it shows friendship up in the most relentless light. And yet, it nearly always boils down to this simple question: do you both like stopping at the same kind of places, or do you not? It ought to be very easy to discover this mutual desire before you set out, but apparently lots of people fail to do so. Happy memories of long and interesting discussions on books, theatres, art, music, philosophy, won't help you in the least, if you are both stranded at a wayside station with nothing but a country town to explore. I have known many an interesting companion in the library become the most crashing bore on a walking tour. And unless you can combine in your companionship this double joy, then I doubt if your friendship will ever be very permanent. Not so much how you agree or disagree on this and that, but where, instinctively, you both want to stop and stare. This counts most in love and understanding.

For myself, then, one among several such essentials is a mutual interest in old churches, the inability ever to let an old church pass you by, so to speak, without examination. And for all those who share this love with me, let me recommend M. D. Anderson's

enchanting book, *Design for a Journey* (Cambridge University Press; 7s. 6d.). Taking it with you on your country explorations—I won't say you will not need anybody else—but if that anybody else isn't there, you will still have a perfect companion.

Pottering About

MISS ANDERSON is an ideal potterer. She never potters aimlessly, and she knows her subject so well that she can compare objects, scattered all over the country, with each other, and trace their mutual origin. Thus, in Abingdon, she knows that the architect who designed that church was also the architect who designed Winchester, and so she potters from the cathedral to St. Cross, showing us the signs by which we may know that the same master hand inspired them all. Discovering for us the carving of elephants in the market-place at Honiton starts her off

on an elephant hunt which takes us through Exeter and to Ottery St. Mary. The chapter entitled "Woolgathering in Church" allows her to wander with us through some of the lovelier "wool" churches of the Cotswolds, Lincolnshire and elsewhere in the eastern counties.

And all the time—and this is most important—she is the most charming companion imaginable. Her instruction is so deftly given that it seems part of her own enthusiasm; consequently, it becomes part of ours as we read her book. And it is all so modestly done, too. Probably because she writes so simply and yet so beautifully, we really do "draw upon the stored-up happiness and beauty which the past has given us, so that we may not stumble too badly on this path"—this path being the anxious, dreary months which we are at present passing through. For, it seems to me, that if we forget or ignore the loveliness which the past has handed down to us, we cannot build a future which will in some way reflect this beauty in our daily lives.

Here, then, is a book rich in antiquarian knowledge, yet so unpedantic that I, for one, will always keep it beside me; so that, whenever peace comes again, I may delve with better understanding into that past wherein beauty really was the deliberate manifestation of the human spirit.

Dainty Short Stories

THERE is something very dainty about Miss Stella Gibbons's collected short stories, *Christmas at Cold Comfort Farm* (Longmans; 8s.). The humour is dainty, the sentiment is dainty, and, except for the story which gives the book its title, the heroines are dainty, too. All of the stories, however, are very readable, and if the story entitled "The Little Christmas Tree," and the one entitled "To Love and to Cherish" have, so to speak, "nice woman" written all over them, they were probably written originally for a "nice woman's" magazine.

For myself, the real joy of the collection was the excuse it gave me to revisit Cold Comfort Farm. Especially at Christmas-time, when the inhabitants should be having their lovely "gloom" put on its mettle—if ever. And on its mettle it certainly was! Into the Christmas pudding were placed: (a) a small coffin-nail; (b) a menthol cone; (c) three bad sixpences; (d) a doll's cracked looking-glass; (e) a small roll of sticking-plaster. And Adam Lambs-breath made the pudding. A joyful occasion presided over by formidable old Mrs. Doom. But what is this truly sumptuous present which is coming her way? And Seth is the giver thereof. "There, Grummer," he said. "'Tis the year's numbers o' *The Milk Producers' Bulletin and Cow-keepers' Guide*. I collected unfor ee, and had unbound. Art pleased?" "Ay. 'Tis handsome enough. A graceful thought," muttered the

(Concluded on page 166)



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Mrs. Lonsdale Hands and Her Son George

Mrs. Hands is the Australian wife of Lonsdale Hands, the camouflage expert. She was Miss Bruce Lindsay, is the daughter of the Director of the Union Bank of Australia, and a cousin of Sir Robert Bell, a former Governor of Bombay. She drove an ambulance at the beginning of the war, but now has her ten-months-old son, George, to look after. She and her husband live at the Bridge Boat House, Eton. He was a journalist before he began to work on industrial design problems, is now one of the leading civil camouflage experts, and is responsible for some 2,000,000 cubit feet of camouflage per week.



Professor E. H. Carr, a member of the British Peace Delegation after the last war, spoke on the problems to be faced after this one. He is Woodrow Wilson Professor of International Politics at the University College of Wales



Two more speakers were the Rev. Henry Carter and Professor Norman Bentwich, who, like Professor Carr, is an expert on international politics. With them are Dame Elizabeth Cadbury, treasurer of the National Peace Council, and Mrs. Duncan Harris, chairman of the Women's National League. Mr. Carter is head of the Methodist Church's social welfare department

Talking About Peace

Some Speakers at a Recent Oxford Conference

When the National Peace Council held its recent conference at St. Hilda's College, Oxford, about 150 enthusiasts and workers for world betterment met to talk and listen. They largely agreed that a good peace will only be achieved if its foundations are laid during the war, beginning with improved social conditions here and now in this country. And there was agreement also that Britain's most powerful allies should be the people in Germany and Italy who hate the regimes which led them first into tyranny and then into war

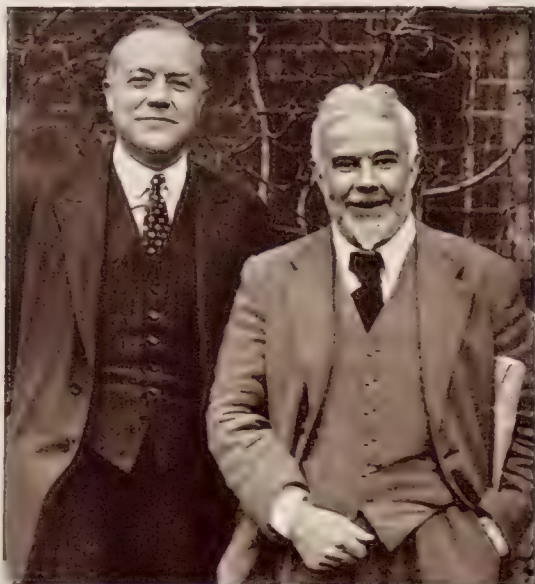
Photographs by Johnson, Oxford



Lord Noel Buxton was a principal speaker at the conference. One of his special subjects is the problem, political and economic, of the Balkans. His second son, the Hon. Christopher Noel-Buxton, 12th Lancers, was reported killed last September. With him are Lady Parmoor, stepmother of Sir Stafford Cripps, and Mr. Gerald Bailey, the secretary of the conference



Social progress in wartime was the subject of Professor Harold Laski, who teaches Political Science at the University of London. Mr. Wilfred Wellock also spoke



An M.P. and a philosopher who addressed the assembled politicians, professors, social workers and pacifists were Mr. R. R. Stokes, whose constituency is Ipswich, and Professor C. E. M. Joad, who teaches philosophy and psychology at Birkbeck College, University of London

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

old lady, turning the pages. Most of them were pretty battered, owing to her habit of rolling up the paper and hitting anyone with it who happened to be within reach. " 'Tis better so. 'Tis heavier. Now I can throw it!" By which quotation you will see that Cold Comfort Farm stands very much where it did.

Miss Gibbons's joke can well bear repetition. If it hasn't killed the "gloom" literature of remote rural places, it's far more readable than most. And, anyway, "gloom" literature refuses to die. It brings such comfort apparently to the heart of those who have little to grumble about. Which is the *raison d'être* of gloom. Happily, Stella Gibbons has gone one better, and, in her Cold Comfort Farm series of tales, turned morbid depression into a sure laugh. May she take us there again and again.

Don't Ask for Thrills

I HAVE for some time hoped that Miss Margery Allington would give up writing thrillers—at least, for a little while. She writes so admirably, she has such a clever way of creating atmosphere and character, that a novel by her which revealed just this cleverness, and this cleverness only, would surely make her better known than she already is. And to a different, more critical public perhaps. Indeed, her thrills are rarely so thrilling as they might be, and so one treats them as some minor character who will keep stepping into the front.

This is especially so in her latest story, *Black Plumes* (Heinemann; 8s.). It never fails to interest, but I doubt if it will mystify

many people. Miss Allington does her best by inserting passages of awful foreboding, but they cut very little ice. She attempts to draw red herrings across our path, but few will be deceived by them. On the other hand, the characters are so well drawn that we become more interested in them than we are in the mystery which surrounds their lives. Certain descriptions are altogether admirable in their detail, and in the atmosphere created. Mrs. Gabrielle Ivory's Victorian funeral, for example, with its black plumes and general suggestion that the deceased had gone to eternal woe at least. And the publicity versus the truth of a Himalayan expedition is as memorable as anything in the book. Again, their quiet London square which dominates the lives of old Mrs. Gabrielle and Frances, her granddaughter, is as alive as those who inhabit it.

So, if you require mystery and detection, this novel may be disappointing, but if you are on the look-out for a well-written tale which, somehow or other, has got itself mixed up in a murder, then it is a story well worth buying and reading.

Unforgettable Picture of a Lost Era

SOMEHOW or other, while reading *Family Homespun* (Murray; 9s.), by Blanche Dugdale, I seemed to be watching a play; a kind of drama of real life in which all the characters were actual, rather as if some mysterious curtain had been drawn aside revealing the dead past—a lost era when there were great county families, life was stable, there was leisure for culture and time to acquire a deep wisdom of the arts of domestic life and national behaviour.

Famous, or once-famous, men and women come on to the stage, and in a few, vivid sentences, Mrs. Dugdale seems to reveal them to us as clearly as though actually we saw and knew them. She had, perhaps, a

lucky childhood—with three great houses for its background: Inveraray, Whittingehame (the home of the Balfours), and Hatfield House. They were houses belonging to great personalities and great personalities frequented them. There is Mrs. Dugdale's grandfather, the eighth Duke of Argyll. "His eyes were a glittering blue, overarching with bushy yellow eyebrows. His mouth was small and imperious. He threw himself a little backward as he walked." There was "my Aunt Victoria," Lady Victoria Campbell, for whom paralysis was regarded as only a "minor affliction," and who, in her determination to conquer, "adopted" the lonely island of Tiree, part of the Campbell estate, packed up her belongings and settled down there in order to look after the islanders' welfare.

Dominating everyone in the book, however, is "Uncle Arthur," Mr. Balfour, shadowed fearfully in his niece's eyes by the spectre of Captain Moonlight, a mythical figure whose "call" was to shoot at Chief Secretaries for Ireland.

Then there is a vivid picture of the "Souls"—that brilliant company of cultured women, of which Margot Tennant was a star turn, whom the jealous made fun of, but whose conversation justified a certain super-intellectual pose.

Briefly, *Family Homespun* gives as fine a picture of a great social period in history as any I have read. Apart from its intense human interest, it should be of inestimable sociological value in the years to come. For it is a period which can never return, and in most of its ways it was a great period. And Mrs. Dugdale reveals it to us in her memorable book in the grand style. Most of the famous men and women of the time flit through its pages, and she catches them as they flit by, though for an instant, in a ray which rivets immediate attention.



Workers at the Northampton Prisoners of War Parcels Depot at Northampton

Brigadier-General and Mrs. Gage's daughter, Miss Dorothy Gage, Lady Hawley, Miss Diana Deterding, and Lady Irene Haig are amongst the many helpers in this most important form of war work. They are busy with parcels in the last stage before despatch. Lady Hawley's husband, Sir David, is a prisoner of war; also Lieut. Henri Deterding, father of Miss Diana Deterding

Another prisoner of war is Major Lord Cromwell, whose wife, Lady Cromwell (left) a daughter of Major Sir Frederick and Lady Cripps, of Ampney Park, Cirencester, is working beside Mrs. Hawley. From this centre in Northampton, over 3000 parcels a week are packed and despatched

Personalities in the R.A.F. Limelight



Air Vice-Marshal Trafford Leigh-Mallory

Bertram Park



Squadron Leader Stanford Tuck, D.S.O., D.F.C.

The "Hurricane" Fighter Squadron adopted by Burma is the famous No. 257 Squadron, which went into action against the Italian Air Force and took part in the great battle on September 15th when 185 enemy aircraft were destroyed. It is commanded by Sq. Ldr. Stanford Tuck. The Burmese flag is painted on each machine

The defence of London is the chief concern of a Command recently taken over by Air Vice-Marshal Trafford Leigh-Mallory. He has held many important posts—Senior Staff Officer at Headquarters, Iraq, in 1935; Air Officer Commanding No. 12 (Fighter) Group, in 1937, and became Air Vice-Marshal in 1938

The Distinguished Flying Cross has been awarded to Squadron Leader N. G. Mulholland. He is an Australian who, since August 1940, has taken part in many important air operations. In December, in spite of heavy A.A. fire, he obtained valuable photographs of Kiel Harbour and procured pictures of the result of concerted raids on Mannheim

Sq. Ldr. H. L. Kellett, D.S.O., D.F.C., Sq. Ldr. J. A. Kent, D.F.C., A.F.C., and Sq. Ldr. A. S. Forbes, D.F.C., are wearing the Virtuti Militari medal. This is the highest Polish award, and was presented to them for gallantry as leaders of Polish squadrons by Gen. Sikorski, the Polish Prime Minister and C-in-C.



Squadron Leader N. G. Mulholland

British Airmen Awarded Polish Honour



Wing Commander Gaskell-Blackburn

Unlike the Navy, where beards are not only allowed but encouraged in wartime, and almost de rigueur, in the Royal Air Force beards are forbidden. There is only one man in the R.A.F. who wears a beard. He is Wing Commander Gaskell-Blackburn, and special permission had to be obtained



Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The War Bore

THE big questions are, of course: (1) whether, when war is on, you can escape war-talk and the bore; (2) whether war can be rightly designated "bore," since it is of such vital import to every mother's son of us. I have no hesitation in admitting that the person who babbles incessantly about the bomb which just missed him is a pest; but is he anything new? Is it not certain that in the operations which arose out of the leading divorce action, Menelaus v. Menelaus and Paris, the people of those times were bored stark by the very mention of the names of Agamemnon, the C.-in-C., of Ulysses, and a whole lot more, and that the story of the Wooden Tank attack on Troy ceased to be front-page news quite early on? Yet Professor Homer, a person whose subsequent review of the campaign caused so many of us indescribable anguish, has been lauded all down through the ages. What pangs I can personally recall of having to gouge out the details of those operations from that author's often cryptic dissertations. What a war bore was Homer!

Scipio Africanus Redivivus

TO pass onward. Did Scipio Africanus, Rome's praying general, get more into the headlines and current gossip than Archibald Wavell? The exploits of both these generals are concerned with the same theatre of war, more rather than less. I am sure that people got absolutely sick of the very name of one of the few survivors of the Battle of Cannæ. We are much more entitled to talk of Archibald, who is doing a far bigger job and against considerably heavier odds. The Carthaginians,

however, were better troops than the Iti's, so perhaps the situation cancels out: Dispassionately considered, why should we condemn war talk? Did not the Peninsular War give us Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon? Should we have had that marvellous creation, Becky Sharp, but for the Waterloo campaign? And how about that other flamboyant figure in fiction, Brigadier Gerard (Marbot), but for the incidents round and about the Lines of Torres Vedras? What a loss we should have suffered but for all that war gabble. Taking things by and large, we ought not to be too much down on the gabblers about La Guerre: for, after all, even though no one may pay much heed to Salamanca Shrapnel Sheephead when she tells us what she "knows for a fact," because she has just had it from Molotovia Breadbasket, she is adding to the build-up of the atmosphere of a great historical incident. Think upon Charles Lever, William Makepeace Thackeray and Conan Doyle!

Two Rifle Brigade Polo Teams

LORD DUNALLEY'S book, *Khaki and Rifle Green*, which I reviewed in these notes, has induced another Rifleman to write to me, principally anent the omission in it of any reference to the crack 2nd Rifle Brigade polo team which so nearly outed the 10th Hussars in the Indian Inter-Regimental at Meerut in 1911. The "other Rifleman" says that the omission was perhaps justified. He says: "I never quite believed in this (1911) side, and think our 4th Battalion side of 1910 would have beaten them. The poor old Sparrow (H. V. Scott), when he was with the 4th Battalion, was a dashing, hard-riding No. 1, but one



Cheshire Engagement

Captain John Haining, R.A.S.C., of Trafford, near Chester, is a nephew of Lieut.-General Sir Robert Haining, Vice-Chief, Imperial General Staff. He is engaged to Miss Sheila Millar, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Hans Millar, of Curzon Park, Chester. She is in her second year at Oxford, studying English literature. She and her fiancé, who is wearing his battle-dress, were photographed at her parents' house

of the worst hitters of the ball. He was not in the same class as Alan Hargreaves, Sladen, Innes and several others. Personally, I thought the team you mention (1911) had two very good ends, The Admiral (the late Lieut.-Col. H. G. Railston) and Archie Tod (Colonel A. A. Tod, the sole survivor), and a bad middle. After all, the 4th did beat a team composed of Bend 'Or (the present Duke of Westminster), Noel Edwardes, Leslie Cheape, and, I think, Rattle Barrett." Personally, I have no recollection of this incident, but the side mentioned was of International class, all of it bar the



The Red Cross Ball Held at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin

Miss Mary O'Connor sat out between dances with Flying-Officer William Teeling, who was on a few days' leave from the R.A.F. He is the well-known author, and prospective Conservative candidate for the Parliamentary Division of Bury, Lancashire. Miss O'Connor is a daughter of the late Mr. C. H. O'Connor, and granddaughter of The O'Connor Don, holder of an ancient Irish title



Mr. Frank Aitken and his cousin, Miss Clodagh MacDermott, have an amusing conversation at the Ball held at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin. Mr. Aitken is Eire's Minister for Co-ordination of Defensive Measures in Ireland. His wife was the chairman of this very successful dance in aid of the Red Cross

Vivian Poole



Tennis Player's Wedding

Dr. Patrick Dennis Spence, R.A.F., of Queenstown, South Africa, former Davis Cup Champion and Hard-Court Tennis Champion of Great Britain, was married at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Sheffield, to Miss Joyce Valerie Robson, the ballet dancer, formerly of the Vic-Wells Ballet, and latterly helping her mother, who is chairman of one of the biggest building concerns in the country. Mr. Edward Dunn, M.P., Deputy Regional Commissioner to Lord Harlech, gave the bride away. The bride and bridegroom are being toasted by the bridesmaids and Flight-Lieutenant P. Murphy, the best man, after the wedding



Tennis Star in America

Mary Hardwick, the British Wightman Cup lawn tennis player, turned professional a few months ago. She gives a liberal portion of her earnings to British War Relief. Between the matches played with Alice Marble, the American world's champion, Mary Hardwick knits comforts. She and Alice Marble will meet again early in February at Nassau, in a match sponsored by the Duke of Windsor for war charities

Duke being actual Internationals. The only infantry team, other than the illustrious Durhams (1896, 1897 and 1898, skippered by General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle), which has won the Indian Inter-Regimental—or the English one—was the 3rd Rifle Brigade in 1900, and this was the side, names and ranks given as they were then: Mr. E. W. Bell, Captain C. B. Gosling, Captain the Hon. J. H. Morris and Mr. P. R. Creed. This was the year after the 4th Hussars won it. Their No. 1 was an officer named Winston Churchill. He is now Number One of another fine team.

Early Polo Toughs

AND, concerning polo, and again concerning Lord Dunsany's book and my little references to the connection of the Persian poets Firdausi and Omar Khayyám with this ancient game, another correspondent writes to say that polo did not originate in Persia! I think I knew that, and that I never so much as suggested that it did.

In a very interesting little pamphlet written by "Old Cacharee" in 1913 (the game, it is admitted, originated in Manipur, on the north-east frontier of India), there is the following passage, after a statement that polo had been played in Kashmir, Baltistan, Skadoo and at Leh, in Western Tibet, where, incidentally, they played it up and down the principal street. Polo is still also played in Eastern Tibet, and I believe flourishes in a mild way in Gyantse. The extract reads:

"It is related also that it was the favourite game of Akbar the Great, who, romance has it, to make it still more exciting, played it on dark nights with phosphorus polo balls to guide the players. Akbar, too, regarded proficiency or aptitude at the game as indicating latent capacity for the more serious callings of life and state. In the memoirs of the Emperor's Prime

Minister, Fazi-i-Allami, in the sixteenth century, we find the following recorded: 'His Majesty, who is an excellent judge of mankind, uses this sport as a latent means of discovering men's merits. Superficial observers look upon the game only as amusement, and consider it mere play, but men of more exalted views see in it a means of learning promptitude and decision. It

tests the value of a man and strengthens the bonds of friendship. Strong men learn in playing the game the art of riding, and the animals learn to perform feats of agility and to obey the reins. Hence his Majesty is very fond of the game. Externally it adds to the splendour of his Court, but, viewed from a higher point, it reveals concealed talents.'



Officers of a Royal Naval Unit Somewhere in England

Standing: Captain the Hon. O. W. Cornwallis, Captain H. A. C. Dick, Captain F. R. Parham, Captain W. R. Slayter, Engineer Captain A. K. Dibley, Captain C. L. Robertson, Engineer Captain G. G. P. Burt

Sitting: Captain J. C. Leach, Paymaster Rear-Admiral C. E. Lynes, Engineer Rear-Admiral F. R. G. Turner, Rear-Admiral J. W. S. Dorling, Rear-Admiral E. B. C. Dicken, Engineer Admiral S. C. Whyman "Honeybunch," the corgi in the centre of the picture, belongs to Admiral Dorling. Captain the Hon. Oswald Cornwallis is the younger brother of Lord Cornwallis. He married Lord Digby's youngest sister in 1923. They have two sons and a daughter

Stuart

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Navy-Air

MALICE is good for you. To get in a thoroughly ill-natured knock at one's neighbour is horse-radish sauce to the hoi polloi. It is a favourite occupation of the very virtuous. It makes the lilies and languors of virtue a little less lily-like.

We may, on this account, say that the nag, nag, nag, between Royal Navy and Royal Air Force has been good for them; an excellent sharpener.

Of the virtue of both Services there can be no doubt, and it was that which provided the puritanical ill-feeling that informed and gave point and vigour to the bombs-versus-battleships controversy. The bitter sauce brought out the finer flavours, and helped officers of the Royal Navy and of the Royal Air Force to savour each point to the full.

Test

IT was lucky that it was so, for when the test first came, in the Norway campaign, we knew enough to enable our warships to compete with the German aircraft with reasonable success. Out of an age-old Service controversy there had arisen understanding—and only just in time. Bombs were in the air, and occasionally in the ships.

Now there is another and more urgent call upon that understanding, this time in the Mediterranean. The Axis air attack on our convoy with stores for Greece in the Sicilian Channel, when the *Illustrious*

was damaged and the *Southampton* lost, reminds us once again that in this war the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force *must* work together. Our sea routes, and therefore our existence, depend upon this co-operation.

Although a member of the Royal Air Force myself, I would rather that Service were handed over to the Navy than that it should fail to see the importance of, or fail to take full steps to protect, our sea routes. In the future, the air routes will supplement the sea routes in the carriage of goods; but that cannot be just yet. If the sea won't go to the air, the air must go to the sea.

Strange Staff Work

I MUST be perfectly blunt and state that the Sicilian Channel action aroused some doubts in my mind about whether the Air Staff fully appreciated the importance of our sea routes. Obviously, I must base my conclusions on the facts as they have emerged in public. Other facts which have not emerged may completely alter the position, and when there is that possibility it should be assumed that the Staff is right and the outside critic wrong.

But look at the sequence that was known and published. First the rumours that German Air Force units had moved to Italy. Then the firmer statements that these units had arrived in Sicily. Then the Rome radio statements that those units

were there and ready to take decisive action against us.

For ten days or a fortnight, in fact, there was every indication that German units had been moved down there. A glance at the map and that narrow channel between Sicily and the Tunisian coast was enough to show what they might be getting ready to do. Yet no Royal Air Force action was taken.

It was not until after the damage had been done, until after the *Illustrious* had been crippled and the *Southampton* lost, that the big bombing attack on Catania was launched. Now, as I say, I am not in a position to criticise, for I do not know all the facts as they were presented to the Air Staff; but I do know that the published facts suggest that the R.A.F. was a shade too late in the uptake on this particular occasion. It is the exception, of course.

In future, we must realise, as the Prime Minister has hinted in his remarks about the Coastal Command, that the keeping open of our sea routes should be a constant pre-occupation of the Royal Air Force, as well as of the Royal Navy.

Amphibian

WE are no longer an island race, or a race of seamen or a race of airmen; we are a race of amphibians, or we are lost. It is a case of back to the ichthyosaurus. Our sea routes must be protected both by sea and by air, not only by sea or only by air.

The Air Staff has done some funny things. It has also done many brilliantly successful things. Most of its misfires are of small importance. But on this matter of sea routes we cannot allow misfires. The Air Staff *must* recognise its sea responsibilities. It must develop the thing scornfully called the "marine mind." That is imperative. It must mount bombing attacks on bases from which German aeroplanes can raid our ships. It must, when possible, anticipate the raids and derange the enemy plans before they can become operative.

U.S. Aid

FROM Atlanticide to Atlantisuccour is a small step. We used not long before the war to read condemnations of those pilots who chose to fly the Atlantic on the grounds that they were taking unnecessary risks. They were held to be indulging in a spectacular form of suicide.

Yet now our new United States-built aircraft are being flown across the Atlantic regularly. It is the obvious way to bring them over, for it saves so much time. As I have already mentioned, the test flying at the other end, dismantling, crating, transporting, shipping, unloading, and assembling are all short-circuited.

Twelve hours is about the time taken for the Atlantic crossing by our present ferry pilots, but the crossing has occasionally been done in less time. On the date I am writing these words, however—and in spite of the evening newspapers—no "record" has been broken on the Atlantic passage.

This Atlantic ferry is curiously like the ferry I was personally engaged on in 1915. Then the overseas distance was twenty miles; now it is nearer 2000. But the engines now are at least a hundred times more trustworthy than they were then. So distance cancels out, and we may compare the modern Atlantic ferry service with United States aircraft for Britain, to the Channel ferry service with British aircraft for France and for the B.E.F. a quarter of a century ago.



Group Captain Honoured by the King

The King recently visited an East Anglian fighter station. He was accompanied by the Queen, who stood beside him in one of the hangars while honours and decorations were conferred on several of the R.A.F. personnel. Group Captain R. Field received the C.B.E. Eight officers of this station accounted for fifty-eight enemy planes. The decorations included sixteen Distinguished Flying Crosses and four Distinguished Flying Medals.



Air Industry Chief Knighted

Sir Frank Spencer Spriggs, managing director of the Hawker Siddeley group, who received a K.B. in the New Year Honours, has been connected with the aircraft industry for twenty-five years. The honour is well merited: he was largely responsible for the success of the pre-war expansion programme which added greatly to our Air Force, and his knowledge and experience have been of great value to the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 23



"All Our Machines Returned Safely": By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

A pictorial epilogue to that familiar phrase which comes over the wireless with a welcome sound to round off an Air Ministry communiqué. All honour to pilots and navigators for their skill and courage, but don't let us forget the "fitters"—the men behind the engines who hand over the machines to the pilot and

his crew ready for flying down to the last nut and bolt. Here is a grateful pilot, safely back at his base after a successful raid, conveying his thanks for services rendered to a modest Engineer Lieutenant, whose men acknowledge their share of the well-earned compliment with the eloquent sign of "Thumbs up"

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

All Without Scandal

By A. M. Burrage

Illustrated by Anna Zinkeisen

IT was not at all unusual for Jackery to linger in the shop of Murrieland the chemist after he had made a purchase, for the men were old acquaintances and fellow town councillors.

This morning he pocketed in his waistcoat the packet of blades and listened with an air of distraction to Murrieland's talk. The shop was empty save for the two.

"I never come in here," said Jackery, grinning amiably, "without thinking that you're a kind of danger."

He was short and rotund with a chubby face. He joked easily and he could sing a good comic song. When the two men were out together each made an excellent foil for the other. Chemists are by tradition sober and sedate of mien, and Murrieland, tall and thin, was no exception.

Now his lips parted on a smile.

"Me a source of danger!" he said. "I like that! Half the town comes to me without bothering about the doctors when they want some physic."

"Just what I say. And you could poison half the town if you wanted to. I bet you've got enough stuff in those jars and bottles to do it with."

Murrieland gave a half glance backwards and upwards.

"Yes," he said, "I daresay I have—if I wanted to."

"Like that woman they've got in Brixton now for poisoning her old man. I bet the chemist who let her have the stuff is shaking in his shoes. But, of course, she can't give him away without giving herself away. I bet you sell a good deal of poison one way and another."

"Yes—in signed prescriptions. Or when people let me know what they want it for and put their names down in the book."

Jackery's manner became jocular. "You wouldn't let anybody have anything—like that—and then forget about it?"

The chemist looked a shade more serious. "I wouldn't!" he said, and a thin hand went up above the rim of his collar for his fingers to caress his neck. "I've only got one of these," he added, "and I'm not going to have it stretched."

"Come on, man. You haven't any morals. You've often said so. Suppose you were quite sure—"

"How could I be quite sure?"

"Simple as pie; simple as pie. You wouldn't have to administer the poison. And if the fellow who did it got caught and swore he'd got the stuff from you, you could swear he didn't. I don't see how they could get you. Your word against his—and him a murderer already. Just for fun, what would you take for—er—helping in a job of that kind? They say every man has his price."

"I'd want a lot," said Murrieland.

"But you wouldn't turn down a good offer. You can't kid me about that. You're always saying you haven't got a conscience. And I believe you too, you old blackguard. Ah, here's that boy of yours back again. Morning, Jim. You can let him mind the shop for a minute or two."

The chemist's mouth was pursed as if to

whistle. "Why should I let him mind the shop?" he asked.

"Because you've got some beer in the back parlour; and you're going to invite me in to have a glass."

"Bit early for me," said the chemist good-humouredly, "but come along."

THE room behind was small, dark and overloaded with furniture. Murrieland found a screw-stopper bottle in a corner and filled two glasses.



"It's true!" he cried. "You've poisoned me!"

"Cheer-oh, no poison in this!" said Jackery, whose mind seemed to be running in one direction.

"Oh, yes, there is," said the chemist dryly. "Two or three kinds. Alcohol's a poison for one, and there's sure to be a minute quantity of arsenic. Poison's in everything if you come to think about it."

"Funny, that!" For a moment or two Jackery seemed to be lost in thought. "How much do you want, Murrieland?"

"How much what?"

"Money."

"What for?"

Jackery looked squarely at the chemist. "For enough poison to do a man in. And silence afterwards."

Murrieland knew now that the other was not joking, and he was a little shocked to find that he was not surprised. He lowered his gaze.

"More than you've got," he muttered.

"You don't know how much I've got. I could put down a couple of hundred and make it up to a thousand later. I'm talking business to you."

"God Almighty!" said Murrieland with a kind of sigh. "Who do you want it for? No, don't tell me. I want to think. Two hundred down—a thousand! Man, man, where would you get your thousand?"

"When you've guessed that," said Jackery quietly, "you'll know why I want the stuff."

"Your brother-in-law—" Murrieland began, and stopped.

"Not quite. He's Janet's step-brother. Her father's first family, you see. Much older than she is. And he won't die. His money becomes Janet's on reversion. And I'm tired of waiting. May live to be a hundred. No good to anybody. What about it?"

The chemist grimaced. Many emotions had begun to kindle in the man's eyes. "If you were serious—"

Jackery brushed aside the half-spoken sentence. "Something that can go in his drink. Something that doesn't taste. Something that'll knock him over about a quarter of an hour after he's had it. How can you be brought into it? Your word against mine if I were to rat. And I shan't rat because I shan't be caught. There's two hundred whether you believe my word about the other eight hundred or not. Think it over for a minute."

There was a pause. Murrieland was certainly thinking; and there was more in his eyes of what he was thinking than he intended Jackery to see. In those moments he was proud of his own scheming. Suddenly he was on a pedestal with the shades of Richelieu and Machiavelli doing homage to him. Jackery watched him, tightening his lips against a smile.

"Would you like to come round and see me to-night?" Murrieland said at last.

"Why?"

"Bring the money. The two hundred. In cash, mind. And your I.O.U. for the rest. I might have something ready for you."

Jackery looked straight at him. "I want it plainer than that. Will you have the poison?"

The chemist laughed. "Do you take me for the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*?" he asked. "Or do you think I am a character in a detective story who can provide you with some subtle eastern drug hitherto unknown to pharmacy? No, you will have to put up with a solution of arsenic or strychnine. One of the commoner kinds of murder weapons. Strong coffee or beer should sufficiently disguise the flavour. It's been done over and over again. I'll let you have the stuff without asking you to sign the book. And on my oath and honour I'll do my best to forget about it afterwards."

Jackery looked at him and then on the instant lowered his gaze. In that flash he saw enough to satisfy him. "Right," he said, "I'll be round."

And so the two men parted.

JACKERY was punctual that evening. A man might be expected to be so in keeping such an appointment. He followed Murrieland into the parlour behind the shop.

"Got it ready?" Jackery asked in an undertone.

"Yes," said Murrieland, "if you've got something else ready."

Jackery felt in his breast pocket.

"I've been to the bank," he said, and took out a fat green case of shabby leather. He began to unfold a wad of notes. "Here's what you want," he said. "And now I want the—er—the other stuff."

The chemist took the notes and counted them. Then he slipped his hand into his side pocket and brought out a small package, bottle shaped with dabs of red wax at the smaller end. Jackery immediately began to strip off the paper.

"Don't undo it here," said Murrieland a little anxiously.

(Concluded on page iii of cover)

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Hopking — Newcombe

Sub-Lieut. (A.) James Anthony Hopking, R.N., only son of J. Ralph Hopking, and Eleanor Eileen Newcombe, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Newcombe, of Hook Place, Aldingbourne, Sussex, were married at St. Mary's, Aldingbourne



Mackintosh — Russell

Captain Ian Mackintosh, R.A., and Barbara Russell, only daughter of the late Jack Russell, and Mrs. Russell, of West Mill, Buntingford, Herts., were married at St. Mary's, West Mill. He is the son of Major and Mrs. Onslow Mackintosh, of Alderholt Park, Fordingbridge, Hants.



Lutyens — Hotopf

Sec.-Lieut. John Leslie Lutyens, R.E., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Lutyens, of Clovelly, Warlingham, Surrey, and Ruth Hotopf, daughter of the late N. Hotopf, and Mrs. H. Hotopf, of Grove House, Dacres Road, S.W.23, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Marten — Ogston

Lieut. Lewis Westwood Marten, R.A., second son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Marten, of Wray Farm, Reigate, Surrey, and Kitty Ogston, daughter of Mrs. K. Ogston, of 41, Bromfield Avenue, N., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Burton — Cripps

Sec.-Lt. William Donald Victor Burton, Royal Norfolk Regt., son of the late Lt.-Col. Burton, and Mrs. Burton, of 16, Eaton Road, Norwich, and Christine Cripps, daughter of W. C. Cripps, of the Lawn, Camden Park, Tunbridge Wells, and the late Mrs. Cripps, were married at St. Peter's, Tunbridge Wells



McKee — Pearson

Andrew McKee, R.A.F.V.R., and Madge Pearson were married at Our Lady of Lourdes, Hindhead. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McKee, of 13, Hillside Crescent, Edinburgh; hers are Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Pearson, of Nutcombe House, Hindhead, Surrey



Macoun — Sladen

A recent wedding in Kenya—at Parklands Church, Nairobi—was that of Michael John Macoun, Colonial Police Service, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Macoun, of 115, Clarence Gate Gardens, N.W.1, and Geraldine Sladen, daughter of the late Brig.-Gen. Sladen, and Mrs. Sladen, of Elburgon, Kenya



Collyns — Games-Thomas

A wedding in Wales was that of Sec.-Lieut. George Leslie Collyns, R.E., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. George Collyns, of Forest View, Ascot, Berks., and Joan Games-Thomas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Games-Thomas, of the Lees, Builth Wells. The bride is in the W.A.A.F.



Williams — Moulds

A wedding in Cheshire took place when Sec.-Lieut. B. Everall Williams, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard E. Williams, of Oak Mount, Timperley, Cheshire, and Margaret Patricia Moulds, only daughter of the late W. H. Moulds, and Mrs. Moulds, of Nethercroft, Bowdon, Cheshire, were married at Bowdon Church

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

A YOUNG man from London was travelling on business in the North of England. He caught a chill one day and was confined to bed in a country cottage. Thinking she would give her visitor a treat during his illness, the good woman of the house baked a Yorkshire pudding and took it upstairs to his room.

"Just try this," she said. "It'll shift your cold."

Then she left him. Going up some time later, she inquired: "Well, have ye etten it all up?"

"Eaten it?" gasped the invalid. "No; I'm wearing it on my chest!"

"AM I the only girl you've ever kissed?" A demanded the pert young girl.

"Well—er—no," blurted out her latest find, "but—"

"Then buzz off," was the reply. "If you know the course, and that's your top form, I'm not playing."

SHE was a large and aggressive woman, and she elbowed her way through the crowd, jabbing first one person and then another. Finally she gave one unfortunate man an extra hard thump, and asked: "I say, does it make any difference which bus I take to Mount Royal Cemetery?"

"Not to me, madam," was the reply.

"PUT up your hands!" commanded the larger of two bandits who had stopped the motor-coach. "We're goin' to rob the gents and kiss all the ladies."

"No," remonstrated the small one gallantly. "We'll rob the men all right, but we'll leave the ladies alone."

"Young man," snapped a woman passenger of uncertain age, "mind your own business! Your friend's managing this hold-up!"

THE old coloured man had fought in the Cuban War and had drawn a pension ever since. While he was laboriously writing his name in the space for the payee, the bank clerk perkily remarked that it must be nice to draw a pension for life just for chasing a few Spaniards around.

"Boss," replied Rastus, "you get me wrong. I wasn't the chaser; I was the chasee."

THE following sign is posted by the roadside as you enter a small western State in America:

4076 people died last year of gas.
29 inhaled it.
47 put a light to it.
And 4000 stepped on it.

"WHAT'S in this bottle?" asked the Customs official.
"It's only ammonia," stammered the passenger.

"Oh—is it?" sneered the Customs officer, removing the cork and taking a long sniff. It was.



"Sorry, Madam, I've just run out of cheese"
"You poor mite"

ONE from America: Two strangers stood side by side at a New York bar, downing their favourite drinks. Suddenly the first one sneezed.

The other gentleman turned.

"God bless you," he said pleasantly.

The first one smiled.

"Thank you," he replied.

A moment later he sneezed again. The second gentleman shook his head.

"I think, my friend," he warned, "that you are catching a cold."

Twenty years later, by chance, the two men happened to be standing near each other at another bar. The first sneezed five times in rapid succession. Water ran from his eyes.

The other man wagged his finger.

"Didn't I tell you?" he chirped. "I knew you'd catch a cold if you didn't watch yourself!"

AFTER the shipwreck a sailor was washed up on a lonely island in the tropics. Thinking himself the sole survivor, and full of dread that the island might be inhabited by cannibals, he went exploring. Presently he saw smoke ascending from a clump of shrubs. Just as he was preparing to bolt, he heard a voice say:

"Why the ——— did you play that ——— card?"

"Thank Heaven—they're Christians!" he exclaimed joyfully.

AN Albanian was imprisoned by the Italians. He annoyed his captors intensely because he kept saying: "Anyway, the Greeks gave you a bashing at Koritza." One day the officer in charge of the prison camp took him aside and said: "Look here, if you'll shut your mouth, I'll make you an officer in the Italian Army."

"O.K.," said the Albanian.

Next day Mussolini visited them, shook hands with the Albanian, and remarked: "So you are now an officer in the great Italian Army?"

"That's right," came the answer. "But, oh boy, what a bashing those Greeks gave us at Koritza!"

IT was the ship's concert, and the song was "Asleep in the Deep." The singer had got well and truly deep when an awed voice from the back of the hall was heard: "Lumme! He'll scuttle himself in a minute!"



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STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

December 31, 1940

LIABILITIES		£
Capital paid up	15,158,621
Reserve Fund	12,410,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts...	...	578,663,617
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits...	...	4,797,146
Engagements	9,351,644
ASSETS		
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England	69,527,197	
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks ..	21,974,434	
Money at Call and Short Notice ...	26,069,553	
Bills Discounted (British Treasury Bills £48,048,384)	57,641,734	
Treasury Deposit Receipts...	67,500,000	
Investments ...	156,686,506	
Advances and other Accounts ...	188,083,067	
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, etc. ...	14,148,790	
Bank Premises ...	9,613,124	
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd. ...	937,500	
Shares in Affiliated Companies:		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	8,199,732
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	

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Suits and Furs

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION By M. E. BROOKE



Here is a wondrously flattering suit from the ready-to-wear department on the second floor of Jays, Regent Street. Red, blue and grey are present in the check; the coat has breast pockets and is longer than heretofore



The suit above (consisting of coat and dress) likewise comes from the House of Jay. It is carried out in grey Saxony wool with a wasp stripe in a lighter shade. The pockets are camouflaged with a simple flap which is decidedly decorative. Note the basque is fluted and the skirt pleated



It is the fur of the snow leopard of the Himalayas that Percy Vickery, 245 Regent Street, has used for this bolero. It is specially designed for the youthful figure, to be worn over spring suits. There are many variations on this theme, in this and other furs



Known by the name of the 'Stroller' is the coatee above from Percy Vickery. It is of lynx of the finest quality; hence the yellow and tawny shades are beautiful. Also to be seen are coats of ocelot

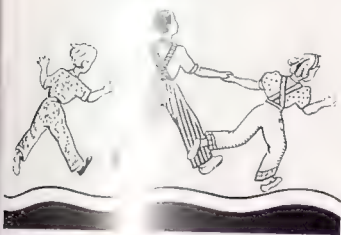
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Round the Restaurants

"The Tatler and Bystander" Guide to Lunching,
Dining and Dancing in Wartime London

The May Fair

"STOREY's Fire Bomb Special" sounds very much the thing of the moment, and it lives up to its name, as plenty of fire-fighters and other front-line Londoners will already testify. Creator is of course Storey, big chief of the May Fair's American bar, and it is the first cocktail to be named in honour of London's fire service, whom it is nightly warming in the May Fair bar. For the Fire Bomb Special is the real thing where an inward glow is needed. True-blue British, it consists of half Jamaica rum and half "Ricarlo" (a new British tonic wine) with a couple of dashes of Angostura as a handshake to tradition.

True-blue too is Brega, who has taken Private (may he soon be promoted, Massara's position as guide and well-being officer to the May Fair's diners. For Brega started this war as a merchant seaman, manning a gun in a British tramp on the run home from South America. And it's a job he yearns to get back to, though he has already become so much a sine of war to the May Fair's innumerable Service patrons that if he's not careful he'll find the higher ups reserving him in his occupation as an essential to morale.

Yet another spot of war effort from the May Fair is band-leader Jack Jackson's concert party, which at lunchtime tours munition works in the London area giving the workers a taste of that mettle which packs the May Fair nightly.

This week, and one hopes for many weeks to come, the packing process is reinforced by the presence of those superb dancers, Boyer and Ravel, who are themselves recently back from an intrepid tour of our more heavily blitzed towns, including Coventry, Liverpool and Manchester. A bit of a change from the Casinos of the world which were their gliding grounds in other times, but one which they have made without a whit of smooth skill lost.

Flash! Jean's head tops 25.88 m.p.h.
(by Squadron Leader's stop-watch)



Restaurant Martinez

IT is de rigueur nowadays to move your diners downstairs "where storms may come," but it is rare to find someone who can make so great a virtue of necessity as Senor Martinez has done, while keeping up under difficult circumstances all the old standards.

All this means that, thanks partly to the blitz, Martinez is now not only the place where you get the authentic Spanish food at its best, but the place where Edmundo Ros and his Cuban boys provide equally authentic rumbas and keep the customers in fine fettle over their Spanish brandy or liqueurs through Jerry's liveliest nights.

And if you are shy of displaying your rumba steps alongside the super-rumbas who have naturally gravitated to Martinez since the new deal started, the skill of Edmundo Ros's boys is lavished equally on simpler steps. Just in the same way as Martinez' cuisine is truly international, pure Spanish though its roots may be.

Special mention goes for the way Senor Martinez has decked out his massive vaults as a setting for all this. There are no frills, no attempts to pretend you're anywhere else but in an extremely unbombable cellar. But with a few touches—gaily coloured bullfight posters and the ends of sherry casks adorning the walls—an atmosphere has been created which, were the restaurant across the Channon and were peace in force, would be the dream "find" of the cognoscenti of travel. As things are, in London, and in war, it is a remarkable achievement.



Old-fashioned waltz Session

Hatchett's

SUCH swing fans as are plotting the course of their next leave in London will be now more than ever well advised to chalk up Hatchett's high on their list of objectives. For to decorate with his virtuosity the gay-kill of the Swingtet, Stephen Grappelly is back, swinging like nobody's business.

His return sets another seal on the reputation Hatchett's have so quickly established for musical supremacy since the old order changed and the Swingtet came in to adorn and rejuvenate one of the West End's

oldest established meeting and good-eating places.

And while music is the food of no more than love, there is other food at Hatchett's too, food that will surely assuage the pangs of the loveless, no mention wines a lot too good for the hackneyed service of drowning sorrow

In fact from the cocktails dished up by Charlie (late of Nice) in his transplanted bit of Riviera, through one of Gerold's dinners and an evening's dancing to music which runs the gamut from the swiftest and most impudent modernity to a

session of the real old-fashioned waltz, right down to the band's last raspberry, there is nowhere Hatchett's lets you down. Take the girl friend, take the wife, take the boys, but at least most certainly take yourself, and that soon.



Rendezvous from the air

The New Queen's

As a visiting place for the Royal Air Force even the marshalling yards at Hamm have nothing on the brasserie at the New Queen's. Not that the purpose of the visits is by any means the same, but it is a fact that the Queen's has become a standard off-duty rendezvous for the only class of people who nowadays can call themselves Continental travellers. In stations up and down the country it is simply "the brasserie," and the standard schedule for a party (even they say sometimes conveyed across the sky by a code rat-tat of machine

guns) is "see you there Friday evening." Of course the R.A.F., though they provide a pretty high percentage of the customers, do not monopolise the Queen's. The Canadians, for instance, have made it far too much of a home from home to stand for that. And gossiping with Charlie round the bar you will find most nights a selection of the world's war correspondents, men who find (and from long experience select pretty carefully) in each of the capitals between which they commute just some such place as this to pop into their memoirs when it's all over and to meet and swap notes in while it's still going on. All these things have their reason; in the case of the Queen's a multiplicity of reasons, only to be summed up by that unfortunate word "atmosphere." Good food, good drink, good company, all go to make up that atmosphere, and the singing and the dancing Java and his first-rate orchestra impel you to, and the informality and feeling of relaxation that make the place something very special, and very valuable these days.

The Lansdowne

If things have co-ordinated themselves properly the artist has here inserted a decoration showing a hover of headgear, and distinguished headgear, at that. The original meets your eye as you descend from Lansdowne Row to the new home of the Lansdowne Restaurant and the hats belong as you might expect to Lansdowne diners.



Your hat check is his photographic eye

It would be going too far to say that the entire War Cabinet dines nightly at the Lansdowne, but so household are the faces of most of the customers that uniquely among London's larger restaurants that tiresome little numbered tickets which one always loses is dispensed with.

Even lesser meals with ordinarily ugly mugs get paired off with the right outer garments thanks to a master of pithy descriptive writing who unobtrusively affixes to each item (but not to each customer) a little card summing up the situation in words like "that damn journalist again" or "distinguished gent in old Borstalian tie and cycling knickers." Not that the latter would be likely to be found at the Lansdowne, which is very much a rallying ground for the brave and the fair.

And with Sidney serving out master-drinks in his box-office bar (my apologies to him for the printer's prejudice which called it post-office bar last month), with Fernandez exercising such genius as to make life-long admirers even of the people he nightly has to turn away for reasons of supply and demand on space, and with Tim Clayton tickling miraculous keys in charge of a band you can't help dancing to, who shall say that the brave and the fair don't rally rightly?



Blackout dinner and air raid lunch

Maison Prunier

"MADAME PRUNIER... hit the spirit of the time by beginning to popularise the cheaper sorts of fish, herring, mackerel, gurnard, skate—fishes which we had been used to look at askance. And she accomplished what was almost a miracle by inducing fashionable diners-out to ask for herrings, and like them, too!"

Thus Ambrose Heath in the introduction to his edition of Madame Prunier's classic *Fish Cookery Book*. The words were written two and a half years ago. Their appropriateness has now

truly come to fruition and they point the way to "luxury feeding" of a sort which would gladden the heart of Lord Woolton himself. For the luxury of a Prunier dish comes from skill and not extravagance. To look through Madame Prunier's book is to learn the simplicity of her material, elevated to noble stature by the skill with which it is brought to table. On the back of your ration book you will find lists of eating "musts" from the health point of view. There fish figures as a food which "builds the body and prevents the tissues wearing out," while herrings and salmon notch an additional point as building the teeth and bones and helping us to resist infection.

(Concluded on page 180)

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4 portions	8/-
Pâté de Lièvre	
4 portions	8/6

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FULLY LICENSED FOR LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS

Dancing to Java and his Orchestra

NEXT THE EMPIRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Round the Restaurants

(Continued from page 179)

Virtuous creatures indeed, but until Madame Prunier showed us the way, unaccountably ignored by sea-girt Englishmen. Now there is no excuse; lives there in fact a man with soul so dead that his glow of correct-diet virtue is not almost submerged by another glow of gastronomic well-being when confronted with a Prunier dish rounded off with the just-right wine of which Prunier's have so incomparable a store.

And it is all made so easy; seven days a week there is the Air Raid Lunch and the Blackout Dinner, four perfectly chosen courses, including oysters; at nights there is the Prunier taxi service which will get you to or from through the fiercest blitz; for those who don't care to go out at nights there is the "On prendra" service, which brings Prunier's star dishes to your own table; for those away from London there are the rightly named "Treasure Troves" to take the joys of Prunier even farther afield, even in some cases as far as the Middle East, where the fighting forces report delivery in perfect condition.

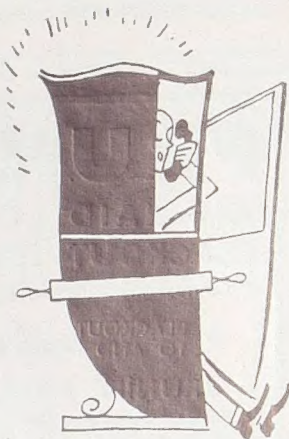
St. James's to Jerusalem, everything covered by the Prunier Service; one can say no more.

Shepherd's Tavern

OSCAR has been busy out of hours lately. Some ugly customers approached Shepherd's the other night, in the shape of incendiaries dotted round the market. So Oscar put them out. Little things like that he regards as part of the business, to be handled with the same aplomb with which he handles any sort of situation. Storms may rage and the world turn upside down, but Shepherd's is Shepherd's still and Oscar is in charge.

That is why it is difficult when writing about Shepherd's to say more than go there and get the habit. Come what may, the lounge will be as comfortable and restful, Freda and Aileen behind the bar as efficient and charming, the chef as talented and the food as perfectly served and reasonably priced as ever.

And Oscar will be master of the situation. He may hanker in his heart after a quiet pub out in the country, but Mayfair can never afford to let him go. He and Shepherd's are an institution, one of the most admirable the "magic quadrilateral" has produced.



Leisurely call at Oscar's

PETER HUME

Way of the War

(Continued from page 147)

on the situation in Tangier had apparently reached the point of full agreement. I have mentioned before General Franco's keen appreciation of the fact that famine may obtain in many parts of Spain, unless the agreement with Britain to permit the import of foodstuffs can be implemented.

But Britain, attaching importance to the situation in Tangier, quite reasonably made final agreement on the food imports question conditional on a satisfactory settlement of the Tangier problem. It may well be that Señor Suñer, anxious to appear accommodating to Axis wishes, felt it necessary to play for time in pursuing a policy dictated by Spain's absolute needs, but distasteful to Berlin and Rome.

It now seems to be established that Hitler sent a peremptory message to Franco on January 2 stating that should Germany find herself at war with the United States, the Nazi forces would be obliged to occupy Portugal and to pass through Spain to that end. A Spanish general, noted for his pro-German sympathies, was detailed to state the Spanish view that Madrid could not acquiesce in any such movement. It is possible that Señor Suñer, now privileged to see Spanish affairs through the windows of the Foreign Affairs Ministry rather than that of the Interior, begins to recognise that the policy he has pursued hitherto was founded on false premises.

Czech Resistance

BARON VON NEURATH, former German Foreign Minister and now "Reich Protector" in Czechoslovakia, is having a difficult time in these days. Acute friction has broken out between the Czech Premier, General Elias, and Franck, the Nazi extremist Secretary of State—one of the most violent of the Sudeten Germans. Franck recently published an article strongly criticising the Czech Legionaries, a body to which the Premier belongs. General Elias has tendered his resignation to President Hacha, and Neurath is doing his best to smooth matters over.

It is clear from reports reaching London that Czech resistance to the German forces of occupation is steadily increasing, a fact which is causing the Nazis some uneasiness. Nor are matters going well for the Germans in Austria, where Gauleiter Shirach is doing his utmost to win over the Viennese. In this effort he has even gone the length of allowing jokes to be made about the Nazis, but despite his blandishments the regime imposed by Berlin remains unpopular.

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Nothing disfigures the face more than pouches under the eyes and upper lids, as shown in the photograph above

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All Without Scandal

(Continued from page 172)

"That's all right. I want to see what it looks and smells like."

He uncorked the bottle and sniffed.

"No," he said. "It doesn't smell too pungent. Well, thanks. And now our little transaction is forgotten for the time being. Did you say you had some beer?"

The chemist laughed. "Haven't you got any eyes? And two glasses waiting ready. Just a second."

He filled the glasses and presently raised his own.

"Well," he said, "good luck to—er—something we're both thinking about."

Jackery drained his glass at a gulp and smiled.

"More, please," he said.

"You've been quick. Anticipation of—er—something seems to make you thirsty, brother."

He went over to a corner for another bottle, leaving his glass three parts full upon the mantelpiece. Jackery made one quick silent movement.

"Here you are, Thirsty," said Murrieland coming back.

Jackery seemed to drink with a greater satisfaction.

"You're slow," he remarked, eyeing Murrieland's glass.

"What, me? Yes, I suppose I am. Can't keep pace with men like you. Well, here goes!"

"Here goes, as you say. By the way, how long does that stuff you've given me take to work. What are the—er symptoms?"

"Oh, it might take anything from five minutes to a quarter of an hour. The er—recipient—would begin to have twitches, and suddenly he'd fall down and begin to foam and—oh, well, it's rather beastly. Better not talk about it."

"Ah. I was just asking out of curiosity. One asks so many questions out of sheer idle interest. For instance, I'd just like to know how long you've been making love to my wife while my back was turned."

The chemist turned a blank face upon him.

"Eh?" he said.

"I'm playing right into your hands, aren't I?" Jackery said quite cheerfully. "I murder her half-brother. I get hanged for it. You're

going to see to that, aren't you? Then you'll have her—and the money."

The natural pallor of Murrieland's face changed to a dirty yellow.

"You're mad," he said with a little break in his voice.

"That will be the line of defence if I get into any trouble. But I don't think I shall. In the old days you could kill a man in the open for making a mess of your domestic life. You can't do it now. You've got to do it privately. And you've got to do it so that you won't be found out. And if the murdered man is fool enough to make himself an accessory to his own—"

"What are you saying?"

The chemist had leaped up, but his legs remained bent and he had begun to shake.

"No suspicion is going to fall on me!" Jackery continued smiling. "You've access to poisons. How should I get hold of some of your own poison and administer it to you? You're a dead man, you cur. No you don't! You don't get near an emetic or an antidote. I'm in the way. I'm a stronger man than you. You'd better hurry and die, Murrieland."

Murrieland swayed suddenly and his hands went to his collar.

"By God, it's true!" he cried. "You've poisoned me!"

Jackery watched him without a qualm. "Ah," he said. "So it's beginning to take effect, is it?"

As if in answer Murrieland half-turned and reeled and sprawled over the chair he had just vacated, head and shoulders lying over its arms. Then he lurched to the floor.

THERE was a telephone in the room. Jackery summoned the exchange with the magic word, Police.

"Send at once," he shouted to the station sergeant. "Murrieland the chemist! Poisoned himself before my eyes! Get a doctor! There may still be time to save him!"

There was not, as Jackery knew. When he had hung up the receiver and looked round the body had already ceased to twitch. But it sounded very well and made it seem that Jackery had done his best. Indeed the coroner subsequently complimented him on his conduct. Nobody could blame Mr. Jackery.

THE END

The Editor's Box

Whitaker is Out

THE new Whitaker came out, late but as good as ever, a fortnight ago. And why late? First, because the printers were bombed in December, and then because Whitaker's own home was burnt out in the fire blitz. Records and order books disappeared, but many of the ledgers were salvaged five days later from the safe lying among still-smouldering ruins.

The '41 Almanack records some vast and tragic events; the invasion and occupation of five European countries, great battles, the setting up of refugee governments, are some of them.

Casualties of the war are the tidal predictions for each month, replaced by tables of blackout times in various parts of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

For the rest, the thousand or so pages are packed with the usual incomparable mass of information and statistics about—one has the impression—every subject in the world.

Three editions are published (by J. Whitaker and Sons, Ltd.): library edition, in a leather binding, with thirteen coloured maps, for 15s.; complete edition, cloth cover, for 10s.; abridged edition, paper cover, for 5s.

Time At a Glance

ONCE look at the date through a "little red window," and you'll never be an impartial judge of calendars again. The "window" is a device of the At-a-Glance Calendar Company, by which each day as it comes stands out from the regimented weeks.

Most of the usual models are on the market for 1941. Surrounds, to stand or hang, are in leatherette, leather, chromium-plate or wood; prices are from 1s. 6d. upwards, and refills from 5d.

A particularly useful calendar for offices is the three-year reference one, and there is special small series for women's desks and writing tables.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

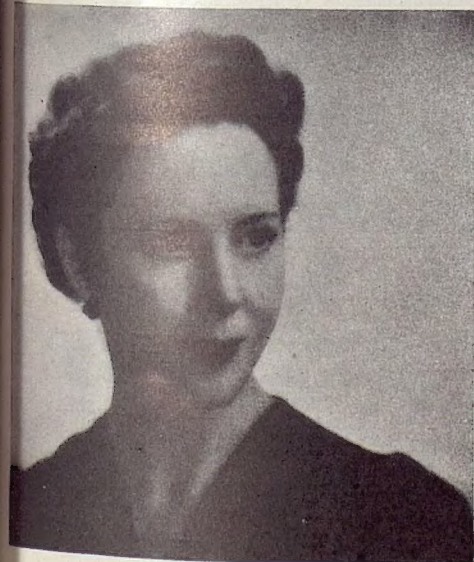
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Getting Married

(Continued from page 173)



Harlip

Mrs. Charles Kempton

Monica Jervis, younger daughter of Colonel Herbert Swynfen Jervis, M.C., and Mrs. Jervis, of Munster, Tilford, near Farnham, Surrey, was married at Farnham to Lieut.-Colonel Charles Leslie Kempton, C.B.E., who served in the London Regiment during the war of 1914-1918, and was mentioned in dispatches



Lenart

Mrs. D. H. Elles

The marriage took place at Glasgow Cathedral between Lieut.-Commander D. H. Elles, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Elles, and Theresa Philippa Fane Harrington Morgan, younger daughter of the late Judge Harrington Morgan, and Mrs. Douglas Campbell of the Knowe, Ayr. The Bishop of Glasgow and Galloway officiated



Catherine Bell

Mrs. David Barbour

Major David Barbour, 17th/21st Lancers, attached East Riding Yeomanry, second son of the late Major Robert Barbour, and Mrs. Hamilton Carter of Bolesworth Castle, Cheshire, was married at St. Andrew's, Miserden, near Stroud, to Daphne Alston, younger daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. Francis Alston, now at the Mansion, Bisley, Glos.



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MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, on the 31st of January, 1940.

This sums up in a few words the supreme part played by the Royal Navy in the present war and specially underlines the value and importance of the publication "BRITISH WARSHIPS" issued by "The Illustrated London News."

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